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COUNTDOWN

BUMPER POSTER ISSUE!

ZINE

UNCANNY X-MEN

FRANKIE
GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

HOWARD JONES

DAVID BYRNE

THE JOHNNYS

THE COCKROACHES

POSTERS!

WA WA NEE | TOM CRUISE | SAM FOX | ROB LOWE | A-HA | MICHAEL J. FOX

THE HOTTEST RECORD OFFER! — INSIDE

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The hottest record offer continues — pages 10/11

Newspeak

If you find heavy metal posturings as absurd as Newspeak does, then pop down to your local video store for the year's hottest rock farce extravaganza — Spinal Tap. No laughs have been spared tracing the rise and fall and rise again of the fictitious Spinal Tap from their early incarnation as The Originals, The New Originals, The Thamesmen to Tap, the tighest-trousered, cosmic-comic, cucumbered combo to walk on stack heels. Tap's music reaches its nadir in such axe-wielding epics as Sex Farm, Hell Hole and **Big Bottom**. Only the faint-hearted will fail to succumb . . .

If seven years in the club scene of Portland, Oregon sounds like your idea of diabolical punishment, then imagine how glad Nu Shooz were when the hit **I Can't Wait** spun the band into larger orbits.

"We were starting to wonder whether it was a dead end or if we were going to get out of there. Now we get to do things on a more real level, we can make real records with real budgets and we're touring the country (USA) right now. Val and I have just been over to England and Italy and we were really well received over there."

Speaker is Shooz guitarist John Smith (I bet that makes hotel receptionists smirk); the Val in question is spouse and singer Valerie Day. These two get their pictures in the papers, but there's a full band behind them.

"Nu Shooz is all of us. We're the front people, but we've always had a large band. We started out with 12" (and now they are six).

John is also songwriter, "musical director" and all round boffin in the group. He produced the ringing tones on **I Can't Wait** by playing on wine bottles. Eccentricity? Couldn't afford a Fairlight?

"They just sounded right, and I think one of the good things about the track is that all the percussion is played by people, not machines. There are machines in our stuff, but I think on the second album (**Poolside** is the first) I'm going to lean even more towards real people (great, always better than unreal ones) . . . I'm searching for some sound that we can call our own."

Is there no end to these Whacko Jacko stories? Latest tall tale concerning Michael Jackson has California's No. 1 animal lover ignoring warnings that his practice of sleeping in an oxygen tent could be hazardous to his health. Sez Michael: "I've taken several long naps in the chamber and when I awoke I felt like a new person."

Maybe you are Michael, maybe you are.

● ● ●

Madonna and Sean recently gave four performances to an invite-only audience in the David Rabe workshop play, *Goose and Tomtom* at New York's Lincoln Centre. Meanwhile her chart-topping hit, *Papa Don't Preach,* continues to excite US groups concerned with pregnancy and abortion. In an article in the New York Times, the executive director of Planned Parenthood of New York, Alfred Moran, claimed the song's message was "it's cool to get pregnant".

Moran said: "The reality is that what Madonna is suggesting to teenagers is a path to permanent poverty." A campaign to discourage teenage pregnancy was launched in New York in September.

Subway posters, TV and radio ads carried the slogan "Be Smart About Sex" and rap artist LL Cool J has recorded a "Smart Sex Rap" for radio.

Madonna has refused to comment on the controversy. "She's singing a song, not taking a stand," a spokesperson said. "Her philosophy is people can think what they want."

● ● ●

Despite the bad pre-vibes for **Shanghai Surprise,** Madonna and Sean will team up on screen again in a remake of **Dead End Street.** Director will be Sean's dad, Leo.

It's usually the three "lads" in Frankie Goes To Hollywood who grab headlines with their outrageous pranks. But mild-mannered Paul Rutherford got into the act in Germany recently where the Frankies were doing a spot of TV. A reporter for a local paper, known to the Frankies for previous obnoxious behaviour, made the mistake of grabbing Paul's jacket. Paul kicked the offending hack in the shin (not in the willy as some malicious European papers reported).

Bruce Springsteen and the E. Street Band have completed work on a definitive five-album live set which will be available for Christmas stockings around the world. The set will feature material from Bruce's 1975, 1978, 1980-81 and 1984-85 US tours and will include a 36-page booklet with lyrics and photos. About 40 songs, spanning the Boss' entire recording career, will be featured, as well as a couple of previously unreleased tracks.

The Manikins a new group? Well, not quite. In fact, fans, they've been around for about six years, and their ranks once included a Guru (Dave Faulkner) and a Scientist.

But new to many they indeed are, and new to much of this "pop" thing is singer Christine, Brady whose only previous showbiz experience is the odd spot of Gilbert and Sullivan and stints as a barmaid at Melbourne's The Club:

"It's like being thrown in the deep end," says Christine. "I just close my eyes, hold my nose and hope for the best."

Madness, who have a final single due soonish, sent out a farewell statement titled "The Seven Year Itch (Part 1)" which said: "After 400 top 10 singles, three record labels, the odd video, two managers, countless innuendos and being banned from here to eternity for our lack of professionalism by people with as much flair as a carton of yoghurt, the 'nutty' ghost train grinds to a halt, pulls into a station, terminal Madness.

"Oh what fun we had! But for now it's a heartfelt thanks to all who helped us on our way, particularly our fans and friends. We came, we saw, we left. Madness."

R.I.P. . . .

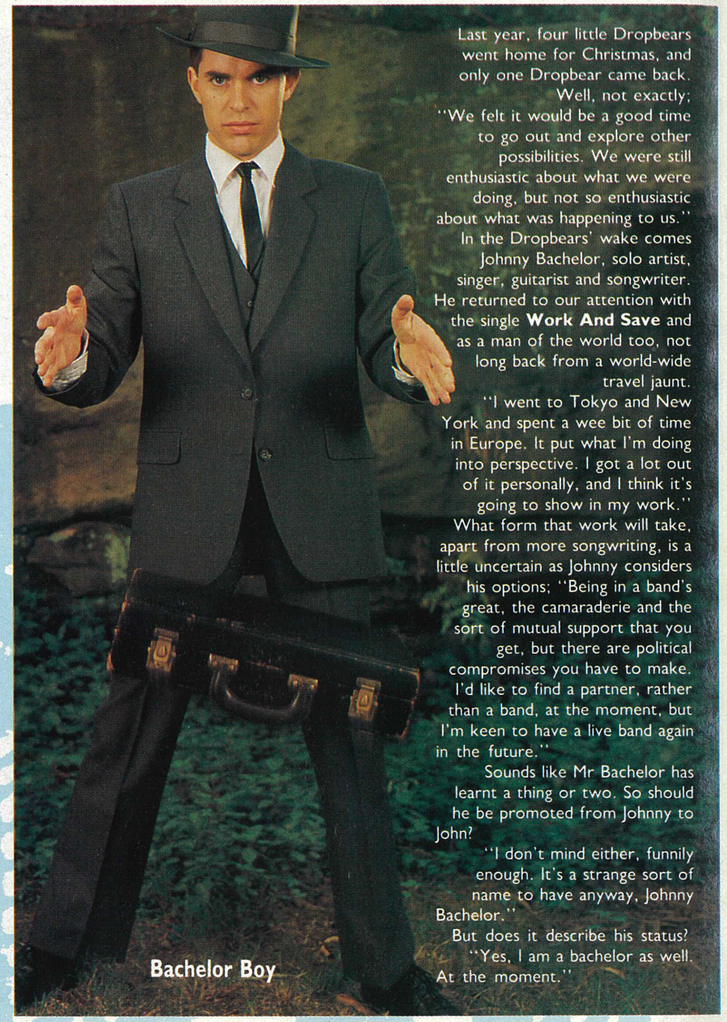
Newspeak has been spending the last few months shaking its cute little ass to the sound of Perth's Sundogs and their debut ditty *Bang Bang Johnny*. Produced by Midnight Oil's Rob Hirst, the single has started the ball rolling for the four-piece who, like many Sandgropers, took the plunge and headed eastwards to Sydney and greener pastures.

"Unless you can get a major deal from Perth, it's impossible to get anywhere," says singer Peter Braidner.

Arriving on Braidner's sister's doorstep in Sydney, The Sundogs had no management, but one strong contact — Hirst — who'd seen the group play in Perth and was suitably impressed. It was he who convinced the group to make the move.

"He was a great help," says Braidner. "He really believed in us. He said 'Hey you guys, you're wasting your time, come to Sydney.'

"People have said we wouldn't have got anywhere without Rob, but we can't be too bad to have got him interested in the first place . . ." Exactly, Peter, exactly . . .



Last year, four little Dropbears went home for Christmas, and only one Dropbear came back. Well, not exactly;

"We felt it would be a good time to go out and explore other possibilities. We were still enthusiastic about what we were doing, but not so enthusiastic about what was happening to us."

In the Dropbears' wake comes Johnny Bachelor, solo artist, singer, guitarist and songwriter. He returned to our attention with the single **Work And Save** and as a man of the world too, not long back from a world-wide travel jaunt.

"I went to Tokyo and New York and spent a wee bit of time in Europe. It put what I'm doing into perspective. I got a lot out of it personally, and I think it's going to show in my work."

What form that work will take, apart from more songwriting, is a little uncertain as Johnny considers his options; "Being in a band's great, the camaraderie and the sort of mutual support that you get, but there are political compromises you have to make. I'd like to find a partner, rather than a band, at the moment, but I'm keen to have a live band again in the future."

Sounds like Mr Bachelor has learnt a thing or two. So should he be promoted from Johnny to John?

"I don't mind either, funnily enough. It's a strange sort of name to have anyway, Johnny Bachelor."

But does it describe his status?

"Yes, I am a bachelor as well. At the moment."

It had to happen: the first Australian-based A-ha fan club is up and running and looking for members.

The **Take On A-ha Society** aims to bring news on the group and their activities to fans around the country. If you're interested, write to PO Box 7, Kensington Park, SA 5068.

But to water, Christine's taken like the proverbial duck, with florid live performances courting many a Kate Bush comparison:

"My strengths are in the theatrical," she says. "I guess you could say it's contrived but natural, if you know what I mean. I suppose the high register reminds people of Kate Bush, but I'm not imitating her."

In the wake of the strong debut **What Are You On**, look out for a Mannikins LP early next year. What to expect? "It'll be different again from the single. Some bluesey, some anthemic. Just exploring a lot of different feels . . ."

Boy George can do no right at the moment it seems. Pop artists who got together to record an anti-heroin song, **Live-in World,** were reportedly furious when George cried off an hour before recording was due to begin. "It meant we had to rejig who sang what part," a recording engineer at Abbey Road Studios said. "George was due to take a leading role in the recording."

George later denied he had ever agreed to participate. "It was my brother Kevin who fixed it up. It's got nothing to do with my problems."

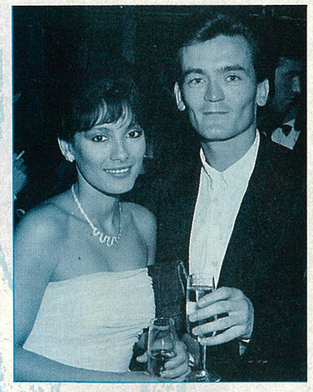
A spokesperson for EMI, who will release the record in October, said "We understand from George's housekeeper that he was too sick to record."

The record will feature Frankie Goes To Hollywood, Marillion, Madness, Meatloaf, the Alarm, Ringo and Zak Starr, Howard Jones, Tom Bailey, Kim Wilde and Edwin Starr.

Remember 1985's BPI Awards in London? Well, Prince swore blind he'd never return to old Blighty after having the proverbial fluid taken out of him by the show's comperes, but return he did, in dazzling form, with sell-out shows at Wembley Stadium and an all-star party afterwards:

The jumper! The hat! The moustache! (Yep, it's back again . . .).

As his own belt groans under the strain, JT checks Si's left handle for comparison. Andy Taylor (right) gives a sign of encouragement (har, har).



Fearless Feargal and girlfriend Rebecca go for the hyper-Yuppie look . . .

Pic: Peter Milne

Starting up a band that's strong on enthusiasm but short on expertise can be a trial. "There were a lot of fights at first about who would learn what instrument," recalls The Wet Ones' Susan World about their schoolday origins. Susan eventually drew the drumkit and with musical duties sorted out, the female quintet progressed from busking to a growing notoriety around Melbourne as their playing prowess improved.

Professing a love of "Australian 60s-type music", guitarist Rosie Joy claims the band to be "really underground and very theatrical. We don't want to be dull. We don't see ourselves as a commercial band . . . we just keep playing no matter what people think of us."

Seems like people in Melbourne and Sydney who have had a chance to judge think very well of them. "We haven't found it hard to get gigs, probably because we are a novelty," says lead vocalist and guitarist (she must have won the fight) Kelly Brimacombe. "We started out with no ambition, we just enjoyed it. Now we've set our sights and we are thinking more seriously. We're getting more dedicated and ambitious. We have achieved most of our goals, we've been to Sydney and we've released an independent EP (through the Polyester label), but we want to be on TV!"

Well, maybe they can fulfill that starstruck ambition. The band recently won a Melbourne "Battle Of The Bands". As well as raising money for South African political prisoners, the contest also entitled the victors to $3000 worth of studio recording time. With this prize The Wet Ones planned to record and release an indie single, "but first we're going to wait for some great songs". Hope their inspiration doesn't dry up in the meantime.

Tours! Tours! Tours! Well that's it, Newspeak's used up its quota of exclamation marks for this month's issue. No matter, here we go . . . Cries of "Wodda cash in eh? Shonky number!" (No, there was one left . . .) — The Easybeats continue their little jaunt this month with dates at Adelaide (Memorial Drive, Nov 2), Perth (Ent Cent, 5th), Sydney (Ent Cent, 7th) and Brisbane (Ent Cent, 8th) . . . Joe "Nasty" Jackson hits Brisbane Festival Hall on Oct 30, then it's Melbourne Concert Hall (Nov 1 and 2) and Sydney Ent Cent, Nov 5. Brash new hopefuls Genesis take to the Sydney Ent Cent (25th and 27th Nov), then Brisbane Ent Cent (29th), then Adelaide Football Park (Dec 2nd), Perth Ent Cent (Dec 5th) and Melbourne Ent Cent (9th and 10th) . . . "Elton" John's orchestral extravaganza starts its antipodean jaunt in Brisbane at the Ent Cent (Nov 6th), moving to Melbourne (Ent Cent, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18 . . . phew!), then Adelaide Westlakes Stadium (Nov 21), Perth Ent Cent (25, 26) and Sydney Ent Cent (Dec, 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 13, 14).

The world's hottest female singer hits Australia's shores this month, and we're not talking about Divine . . . It's the girl with the Midas touch — WHITNEY HOUSTON! The tour starts at Sydney's Ent Cent (16th), then Brisbane Boondal (19), Adelaide Memorial Drive (22) and Melbourne Ent Cent (24) . . . Also confirmed is **The Eurythmics'** February tour, which kicks off at Brisbane Boondal (3rd), then Sydney Ent Cent (5, 6), Canberra National Stadium (17), Adelaide Mem Drive (21), Perth Ent Cent (24) and Melbourne Ent Cent (28).

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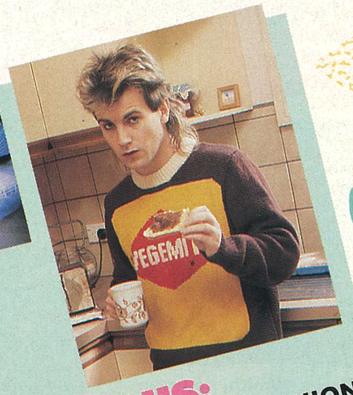

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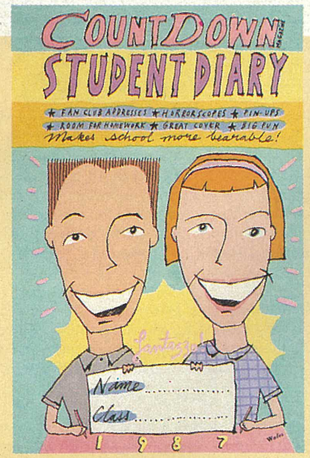

'87 Countdown Student Diary

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(AND SELECTED BOOKSHOPS)

Sydney's Watters Gallery played host recently to an exhibition of paintings by one of rock's most handsome and sensible leading lights, Reg Mombassa. The exhibition covered a galaxy of Mombassa moments, from Australian vistas to observations garnered from Mental As Anything's overseas jaunts . . .

The paintings!

Greedy Smith, no mean brushperson himself, dons art critic accessories (polo neck and glass of wine).

Reg unveils the real tools of the trade . . .

Portrait of an artist.

Movie speak

Cult hero status comes quicker all the time. **Saturday Night Live**, the late-night counterculture comedy show beginning its 11th year on American television, has already created a number of hip-and-trendy superstars — but most of them took a few years to get there. Through its many cast changes, SNL introduced John Belushi, Chevy Chase, Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, Eddie Murphy — even Jane Curtain has her own weekly TV series.

But for a single character skit to go from weekly television to a major motion picture in a matter of weeks . . . well, that's taking overnight success a little far.

Still, that's the case with SNL newcomer Jon Lovitz, who created a screen character called Tommy Flanagan, an incompetent, pathological liar. The Flanagan character has become so popular — possibly because his whoppers make him sound like President Reagan — that Universal Studios is readying a big-budget flick just for him. SNL producer Lorne Michaels will co-write the script with Lovitz, and Lovitz, naturally, will star. Even without a plot, a cast or a director, Universal confidently predicts the picture to be a smash.

★ ★ ★

Speaking of **Saturday Night Live** alumni, Eddie Murphy will reprise his role as Axel Foley in **Beverly Hills Cop II** after all. The sequel begins filming this fall, and will bring Detroit street-cop Murphy once more to the swanky sections of LA, tracking down bad guys who have stolen top-secret government weaponry. As in the first edition, jokes will revolve around the fictional foibles of the fantastically affluent community: one scene has inmates at the Beverly Hills Jail sitting around watching **Dynasty** on videotape.

★ ★ ★

Meantime coming up is **Ghostbusters II**, sequel to the hugely successful comedy starring Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd. Aykroyd himself wrote the script, and Ivan Reitman will again direct — even though he's taken a critical beating for his work on **Legal Eagles.**

★ ★ ★

Playwright David Mamet, who is happily counting his royalties from **About Last Night** (based on his play **Sexual Perversity in Chicago**), has been signed to write the screenplay for **The Untouchables**, an updated version of the 1950s TV series that pitted crimebuster Elliot Ness against crimelord Al Capone. The old black-and-white shows, starring equally monochromatic Robert Stack as Ness, would seem an unlikely basis for a hot motion picture, but the talent surrounding this project is astounding. Brian de Palma (**Carrie, Dressed to Kill**) will direct, and the arch-enemies will be portrayed by Sean Connery and Robert de Niro. It's due from Paramount in the winter of '87.

Along similar lines, Universal is readying a feature film version of the TV cop series **Dragnet** — the show that made "Just the facts, ma'am" a household phrase. Dan Aykroyd (boy, is he busy) will portray Detective Joe Friday; Tom Hanks and Jim Belushi are set to co-star.

★ ★ ★

Lovely Kelly McGillis goes from **Top Gun** high-tech to the 1950s in her next film, known so far only as **The Peter Yates Project** (after its director). She plays a young woman caught up in an unfortunate era of US history, the Joe McCarthy blacklist hysteria. For those of you unfamiliar with America's recent past — which puts you in the company of most Americans, unfortunately — Senator Joe McCarthy led an anti-communist witchhunt that cost a number of perfectly nice people their careers. Many of them were in the entertainment business, as McCarthy knew which side his headlines were buttered on.

Anyhow, Kelly plays a young woman brought up before the notorious House Un-American Activities Committee, and discovers two hours' worth of dirty doing that tie the government officials to Nazi war criminals and various sorts of corruption. Ironically, the screenplay was written by Walter Bernstein — himself blacklisted from the movie business by McCarthy's minions 35 years ago.

★ ★ ★

Despite the fact that advance reviews of **Shanghai Surprise** range from awful to worse, Madonna has already been offered another starring role, this time in the film **Slammer**. Described as "a contemporary screwball romantic comedy," the flick goes into production this fall.

Already getting rave advance reviews, though, is Tom Cruise's upcoming **The Colour of Money**, due for release domestically in mid-October. Cruise co-stars with Paul Newman in this follow-up to the classical pool-hall drama **The Hustler**, and insiders are talking Oscar nominations after seeing only snippets of the action. "This movie is going to lift Cruise up and over all the rest of the Brat Pack," says one Hollywood authority.

★ ★ ★

As if you had any doubt, there will be yet another instalment of Sylvester Stallone's bloodthirsty **Rambo** series. The third **First Blood** begins filming this fall for release on — wait for it — the Fourth of July, 1987. This time, the lovable John "If It Moves, Shoot It" Rambo will take on the entire Soviet army single-handedly when he invades Afghanistan to rescue a buddy. Aussie music video director Russell Mulcahy is the unlikely choice for directorial duties, even though neither his **Razorback** nor **Highlander** fared well in the theatres.

Considering Mulcahy's background, do you think there's a chance Duran Duran will do the soundtrack?

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THE BANGLES	Different Light	TC5071	LIB5071
CHARLIE SEXTON	Pictures For Pleasure	56244	56291
KATE BUSH	Hounds Of Love	TCEMC240384	EMC240384
QUEEN	Live	603434	603431
CYNDI LAUPER	She's So Unusual	PRC023	PR33023
MARTIN PLAZA	Plaza Suite	PC8155	SBP8155
TIM FINN	Big Canoe	TVC2369	V2369
SADE	Promise	EPC4510	ELPS4510
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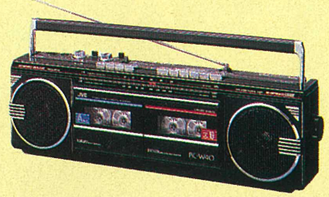

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4. All prizes will be awarded on a random draw basis. The first entry drawn will win. Each entry is submitted into one monthly draw only.
5. Closing date of each monthly draw is the 5th day of the month **after** the Countdown Magazine's cover month. All draws take place in Sydney. All prize winners will be notified by mail and announced in Countdown Magazine.
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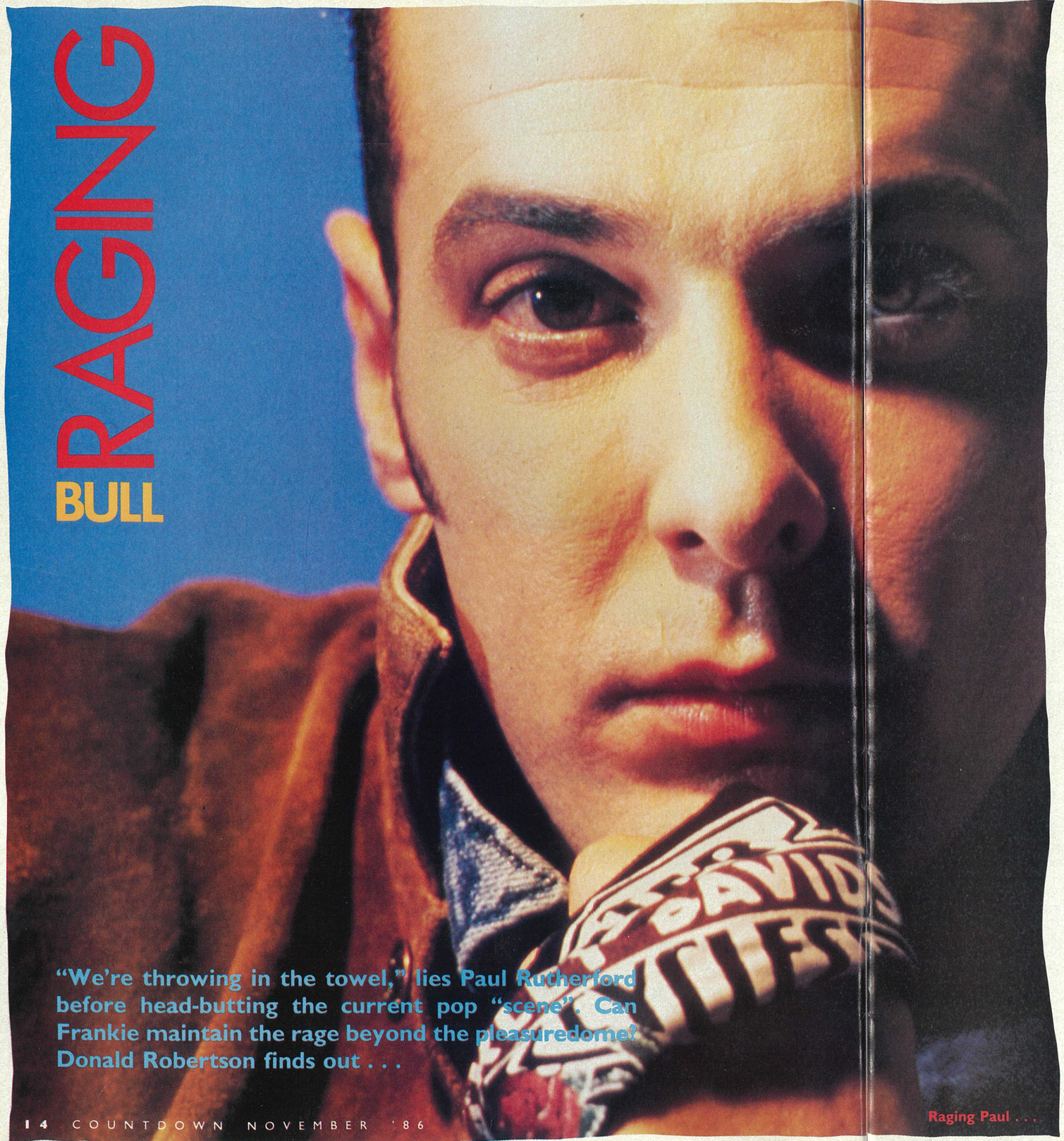
PROFILE

THE JOHNNYS

	Paul Richard Doherty	Bill Pommer Junior	Spencer Patrick Jones	Graham James Hood
NAME	Paul Richard Doherty	Bill Pommer Junior	Spencer Patrick Jones	Graham James Hood
DATE OF BIRTH	30/11/59	28th Feb	28/10/56 (five years younger than Joe Strummer)	24/3/58
PLACE OF BIRTH	Geelong	Gold coast	Te Awamutu — New Zealand	Blenheim — New Zealand
NICKNAMES	Slim, Skunk, Doc	Mr Bill, Billy the Kid	Jonesy, Brian Canham, Tex	Hoody
PAST OCCUPATIONS	Barman, Night porter, Resting	Ticket taker	Morgue assistant, storeman	Photo-lithographer, photo-engraver, screen printer, brickie's labourer, paste-up artist.
HIGHLIGHT OF '86	Album release	Moving	The girls in Robert Palmer's film clip and jamming with Jacko in Wagga Wagga	Surviving '85
LOW POINT OF '86	Delayed album release	Hangover in 210 at Prince of Wales	Album release, royal wedding	Being stuck in a small hotel room with Speedie's socks.
FAVE PLACES	Bedroom, Chinatown	Home, Gosford racetrack	Elvis Presley memorial in Carlton cemetery	Any TV Lounge, bed or bar
TREASURED POSSESSION(S)	Electric pen, Gumby t-shirt	My pillow	George Thorogood's cigar butt	Swamp Thing comic collection
ESSENTIAL READING	Countdown Magazine, Truth	Famous Australians, Truth, Best Bets	Charles Bukowski — "Visions of The Big Time"	Reid Fleming — World's Toughest Milkman (comic)
ESSENTIAL LISTENING	B.A.D.	Understanding James Brown	Anything by George Clinton and Colin James — "If I can do it so can you"	Tony Barber's "Songs of The Century"
BAD HABITS	Billy Field's, other ones	Too much of everything	Spending money on Elvis Presley memorabilia	Being late, drinking too much
GREATEST ASSET	Liver, kidneys	Hands	My wife, my cat, my wallet, my tongue	Three television sets
FAVE TV SHOWS	Investigators, Dynasty	Yes Minister, Second City TV, football, F-Troop	King of The Kitchen, Torchy the Battery Boy	Brady Bunch, Sale of the Century, Dr Who, Blankety Blanks, Paul Lynde Show, Wheel of Fortune, Restless Years, Mother Makes Three, Cartoon Connection . . .
UNFULFILLED AMBITION(S)	Still pursuing it	Yes	To gruesomely butcher a loud-mouth skier	Becoming filthy rich
FAVE FOOD	Mongolian B.B.Q. Japanese, anything that doesn't have the shit cooked out of it	Home made Italian soup (from Bill & Toni)	Japanese, Cajun, Italian, beer	Mexican, baked beans on toast, eggs and onions, beer
HEROES	Terry Gilliam, Bill Murray, Gumby Poky, Guru Adrian	Buffalo Bill, Liz, Sandy Nelson	Elvis!! Elvis!! Elvis!! Robert Mitchum, Chad Morgan, Arthur Lowe, James Williamson	Cliff Richard, Jacko, Dr Who
SELF DESCRIPTION	Blotchy, opposite to skiers and snow enthusiasts	Lost	Noisy, generous, friendly, overweight.	Noble, flabby, patriotic, drunk, flatulent, mildly amusing, suntanned, wild eyed, R. M. Williamsed, flying saviour of the earth.
LOVE IS . . .	In the air	A new shirt	Tension relieved by sex	My mum starring as a game show host
MEANING OF LIFE	Bob Santamaria	Kyote or Koit	Found in John Laws' poetry books or A-ha naming themselves after the Australia Hotels Association.	Television

RAGING BULL



"We're throwing in the towel," lies Paul Rutherford before head-butting the current pop "scene". Can Frankie maintain the rage beyond the pleasuredome? Donald Robertson finds out . . .

Raging Paul . . .

(Pic: Amanda Searle/Colorific!)

Paul Rutherford is distraught. Or so he says. "We're complete failures. We're all slashing our wrists. We're giving up the ghost and throwing in the towel. We know when we're beat."

The reason for all this agony? The Frankies' first single in nearly two years, the mock-heroic *Rage Hard* has dropped to No. 7 on the British charts after peaking at No. 4 the previous week.

"We're all completely depressed," Paul giggles. He doesn't sound it. "People keep telling us we ought to be . . . but not really."

Rage . . . and its follow-up, *Warriors Of The Wasteland*, are the first couple of singles from the new Frankie Goes To Hollywood LP *Liverpool*. Recorded in Holland and tidied up in London's Sarm West (where Trevor Horn and the band concocted *Relax* and the rest of Frankie's Phase One) it is that most difficult of pop music beasts — a follow up to a mega-successful debut. And it didn't come easy.

"Only eight songs made the grade," says Paul. "We had a lot of material but we just felt it had to be of a certain quality."

Although there is no single track called *Liverpool* on the album a lot of the lyrics on the album relate to the Frankie's old home town.

"All the songs are quite proud songs," says Paul. "It's about pride — standing up and getting what you want. It all kind of ties in with the government that we have at the moment — the way they've starved Liverpool.

"Also, since we haven't lived there for like 2 or 3 years, it's kind of an objective view because we were picked fresh from Liverpool and put into this big machine and turned out. Now we can sit back and think about what really happened. Even though you can't fully comprehend how much life has changed — not just in terms of money, but a lot of things become accessible to you."

Although the three "lads" in the group, Ped, Mark and the newly married Nasher, tend to still spend a lot of time in Liverpool, Paul confesses he doesn't really have too good a time there.

"I feel a bit embarassed, to tell you the truth. Like I'm flaunting myself. I feel a bit uncomfortable going to a club. I suppose I should go and see my parents a lot more, but I don't."

If time has given the Frankies any perspective at all on their incredible burst of success two years ago (first three singles going to No. 1 in the UK) it's that they're never going to repeat it.

"It was completely mental," says Paul. "We caught everyone unawares — including ourselves. It's hard to pick anything as a highlight, altho' I suppose getting to No.1 the first time was a real buzz. But then it got like, getting up in the morning . . . everything we did — we seemed to have the Midas touch. That's gone now . . . we're complete failures! (laughs)"

After that first rush, which included a tour of the US and Europe, the Frankies took a six-month break, travelling and generally being "wayward", according to Paul. The break made Paul realise that he coud walk away from the scene if it started getting him down.

"It wouldn't be worth doing," he avers. "I really do strongly believe that. That's what happens in the music business — people stop growing in the world and start growing in the music industry. A lot of people turn into complete idiots and arseholes because they see nothing in life outside of that. It becomes like a series of blacked out windows in cars. I feel I'm a bit more sensible than that. I hope I am. I hope I'm not deluding myself."

The Frankies' sense of fun is already legendary despite their relatively short career. Having just returned from a promotional blitzkreig of Europe — their first round of appearances since trashing the stage at the Montreux Pop Festival — I ask how they are received in Europe.

"I always think we're very, very English," Paul replies. "I wonder if they ever understand us at all. Maybe they just think we're complete nutcases — I'm sure they do. I think they just breathe a huge sigh of relief whenever we leave anywhere. 'Phew — now we can go to bed.' We usually give them a run for their money — making them stay up all night buying us drinks and all that crap.

"Montreux? If they'd've put on a decent show we wouldn't have had any need to do that. We were just sick of the complaints of everyone on the show. It was all so mediocre — it was the music industry crawling up its own arse again. So we just thought 'F— this'. Some people tried to blame the Cup Final (the Merseyside clash between Liverpool and Everton, televised that afternoon) but I think it was the Chernobyl thing. I'm sure radiation had something to do with it."

"Mediocre" is a kind description compared to Paul's feelings about the current UK pop scene.

"I try not to think about it at all," he sighs. "It's just completely f—. I listen to older records, I don't listen to British popular music. I abhor it. I can't bear it. The charts are a complete farce. Once upon a time it used to be an accolade to be No. 1. If it means you've gotta beat people like Boris Gardiner it's lost all its excitement.

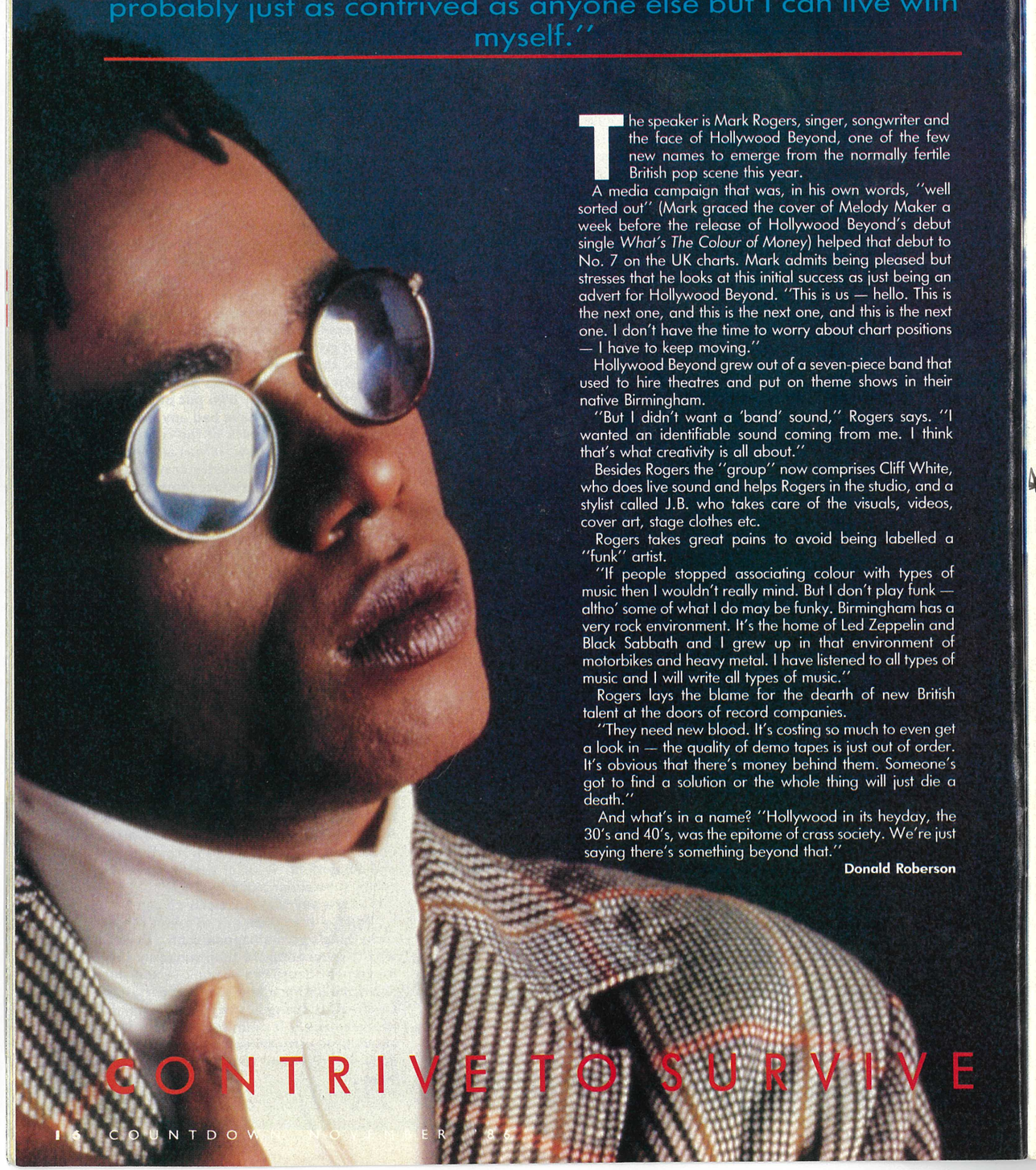
"The British music scene leaves me really really cold, but then so does the European scene and the American scene. The music is being generated for the purpose of making dollars rather than for the purpose of soul and enjoyment. A lot of the music is of a really substandard quality."

Is there any way that can change?

"Yeah — it's gonna get so awful that something's gonna happen soon. It's exactly what happened in '76 then suddenly this big movement happened — punk — and shut everyone up for a few years. It certainly had an effect. It changed the face of advertising and graphics — it definitely left its mark. It's about time something happened again. I just hope we're around to see it and I hope I enjoy it!"

HOLLYWOOD BEYOND

"Everything's so contrived at the moment and I'm probably just as contrived as anyone else but I can live with myself."



The speaker is Mark Rogers, singer, songwriter and the face of Hollywood Beyond, one of the few new names to emerge from the normally fertile British pop scene this year.

A media campaign that was, in his own words, "well sorted out" (Mark graced the cover of Melody Maker a week before the release of Hollywood Beyond's debut single *What's The Colour of Money*) helped that debut to No. 7 on the UK charts. Mark admits being pleased but stresses that he looks at this initial success as just being an advert for Hollywood Beyond. "This is us — hello. This is the next one, and this is the next one, and this is the next one. I don't have the time to worry about chart positions — I have to keep moving."

Hollywood Beyond grew out of a seven-piece band that used to hire theatres and put on theme shows in their native Birmingham.

"But I didn't want a 'band' sound," Rogers says. "I wanted an identifiable sound coming from me. I think that's what creativity is all about."

Besides Rogers the "group" now comprises Cliff White, who does live sound and helps Rogers in the studio, and a stylist called J.B. who takes care of the visuals, videos, cover art, stage clothes etc.

Rogers takes great pains to avoid being labelled a "funk" artist.

"If people stopped associating colour with types of music then I wouldn't really mind. But I don't play funk — altho' some of what I do may be funky. Birmingham has a very rock environment. It's the home of Led Zeppelin and Black Sabbath and I grew up in that environment of motorbikes and heavy metal. I have listened to all types of music and I will write all types of music."

Rogers lays the blame for the dearth of new British talent at the doors of record companies.

"They need new blood. It's costing so much to even get a look in — the quality of demo tapes is just out of order. It's obvious that there's money behind them. Someone's got to find a solution or the whole thing will just die a death."

And what's in a name? "Hollywood in its heyday, the 30's and 40's, was the epitome of crass society. We're just saying there's something beyond that."

Donald Roberson

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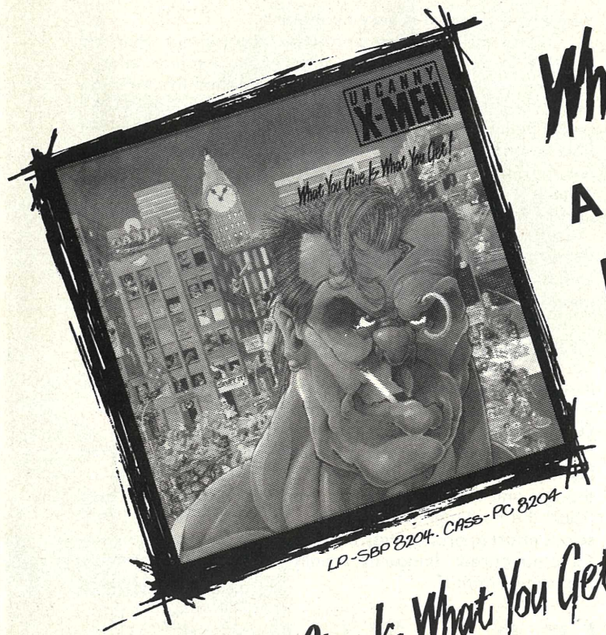

What You Give Is What You Get!

UNCANNY X-MEN

OUT NOW

You'd think going from a five-piece to the strict economy of three would cause considerable headaches and lots of worry. But Geisha welcomed the streamlining process:

"For a start, it's cheaper," says bassist/singer Chris Doheny. "It's pretty common in bands to have one or two members with musical differences. Now the sound is tighter and bigger. With five members, there are bits and pieces of music that serve no purpose. We have discovered that less is more."

Apart from Doheny, Ken Sheppard stays on guitar, and the newcomer is drummer Bret Luton, formerly of Sydney's Dance Park.

"We noticed him about a year ago," says Doheny, "and approached him when we were in Sydney recording. His band had split up, so he was an obvious choice."

"Now it's a lot easier and quicker to get things done," says Sheppard. "We end up turning out songs the way we wrote them. Towards the end with the old line-up, that was the problem — the songs were written one way and came out another."

So much for the writing process. But how nerve-wracking was it returning to live work?

"We were apprehensive at first," says Sheppard. "We had mixed reactions. Usually the young ones were very annoyed, but the majority have been good. After the first few songs people realise that the songs are the same and that they sound good. It is very heartening."

"One of the things we were wondering about when we decided to do this was how to maintain our high energy visuals," says Doheny. "We've accomplished this by using radio headsets for microphones. On stage we use a QX1 synth, mainly because we have three singles to play, which have to be fairly close to the originals. We take certain liberties, but it has to be done, because that's why people are coming to see us. However, we are mainly bass and guitar oriented."

Certainly **Part Time Love Affair**, the first output from the new three-piece, has vindicated their decision. But along with the musical changes seems to have come a change in image:

"I don't think we have consciously changed in any way, we just looked different in the **Fools Way** clip," says Sheperd. "I think we have put the music up front. When you first start as an unknown commodity you have to attract attention somehow, so you premeditate things a bit. However, Geisha is a known quantity now."

"If you have been going to our live shows, you would have noticed a gradual change," adds Doheny. "It's not as though one night we were a hairdresser band and then 'click' the next night we changed. We had to make a conscious effort to break away from that. We see it as detrimental to our career. Image isn't really important, it's the music that's important."

Debbie Martin

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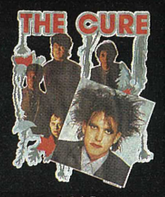

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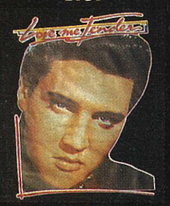

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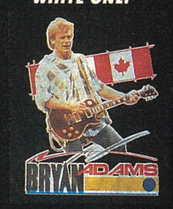

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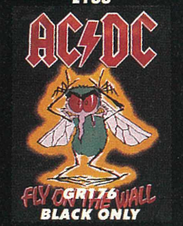

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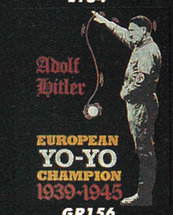

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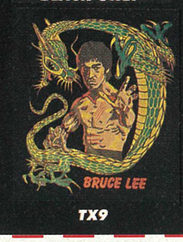

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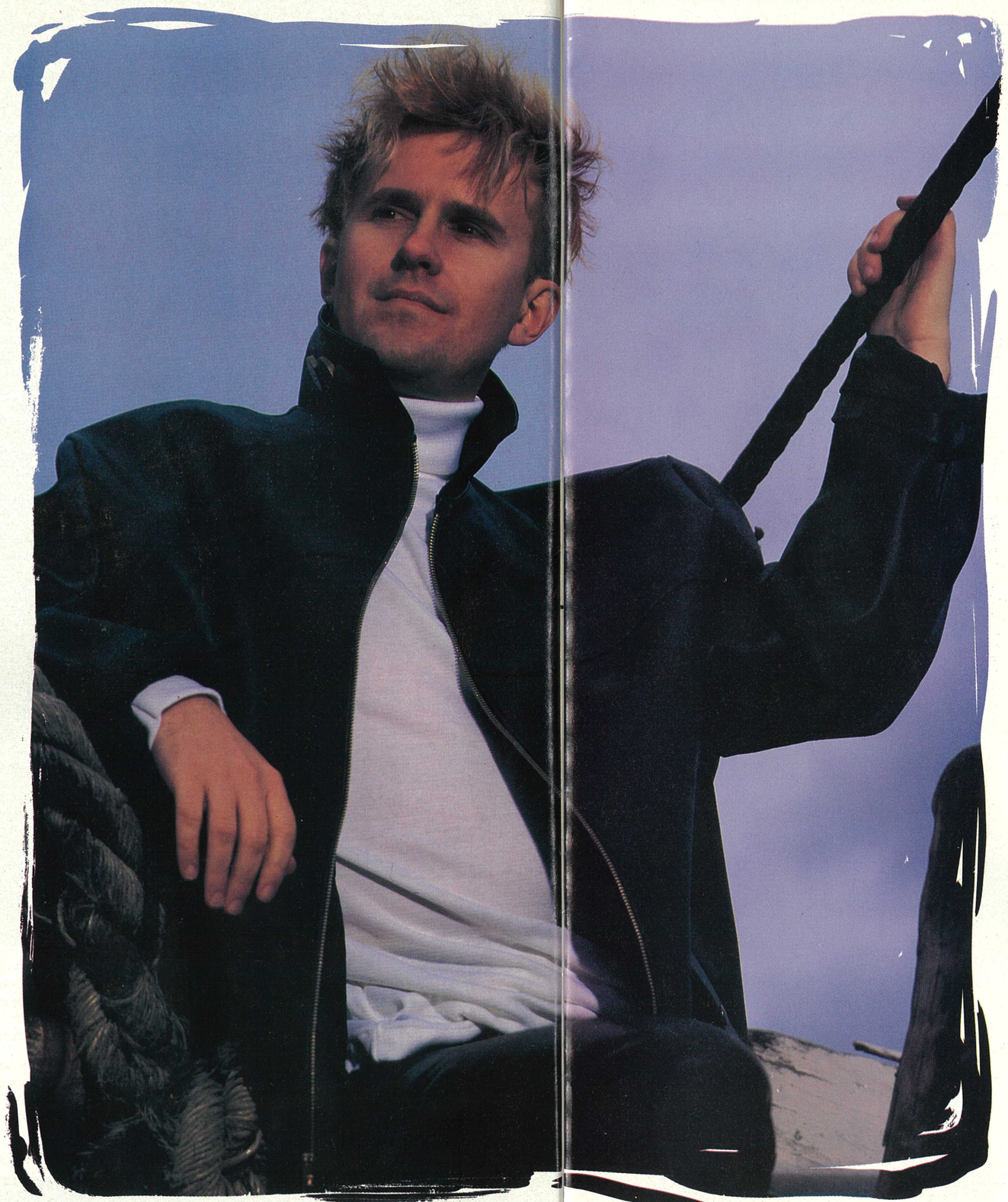
A CUT ABOVE

'Tis the riff, not the quiff, that matters, but Howard we know! Donald Robertson goes one to one with Mr Jones.



Clad in black leather (Oh yeah?—Ed) pants and jacket over a white polo neck, Howard Jones is sitting in a room at Jurys Hotel in Dublin. He's just wrapped up his third album, *One To One*, recorded in Dublin with famed R & B producer Arif Mardin and is anxiously awaiting the release of the album's first single, *All I Want*.

"It's just like releasing my first single again," he offers.

Surely you're not quite as nervous, I say.

"No, not quite. I remember when New Song came out it was going to be reviewed on Radio One's 'Roundtable' (a weekly singles review show). Gary Numan was one of the panel. I was feeling so nervous I was a heap. I was a wreck. I hid under the bedclothes. It's ridiculous — I was 28 years old! I couldn't bear to hear what they said. It was the end of the world if they said anything bad."

There's no need for Howard to hide under the bedclothes these days. *One To One* is a classy progression from *Human's Lib* and *Dream Into Action*, and should enhance his reputation as one of the most talented "new" songwriters around.

Despite the long list of guest musicians on the album sleeve, and the warm funky feel of a lot of the tracks, *One To One*, like its predecessors, is very much Howard's creation.

"Just pressing a button to get a drum sound is like the dark ages now," he says. "You become much more sophisticated at it. You study the drum part so much, you almost become a drummer. The bass parts are all keyboards too."

A lot of the writing for *One To One* was done on last year's triumphant world tour, of which Howard counts Australia as a highlight:

"I had my Akai set up in the dressing room before every gig. It was a good discipline. I would never have got so many songs so quickly otherwise. I don't think I'll do it this time though — it was a little intense.

"But the more you do, the harder it becomes — your standards get higher. I wanted the songs on this album to be absolutely great — full of ideas and parts. I threw an awful lot out. I only went into the studio with 10 songs."

Was it ever of concern to you that initially, at least, your haircut had as much impact as your music?

(Laughs) "I don't think that's true. That was the thing in the '70s, where image was frowned upon and seen as totally inconsequential to the music. It's different in the '80s. People can look fairly interesting and be reasonable musicians as well. I just hate that thing where if you wear a long raincoat and have a miserable expression and wear dark clothes, you're somehow credible."

That's as much an image as anything . . .

"Yes, yes, yes and that's the hypocrisy of it all. I like to walk around hotels and planes and places and have people give me dirty looks. I like that because it exposes the bigotry and crap that goes on in everyday life. That people are not allowed to use their imaginations in the way they look and dress. Just because you've got a fun haircut doesn't mean you can't be good at what you do. I enjoy it because it's fun. Why should it be frowned upon? It takes a lot of effort to decorate yourself in an interesting way."

Did you think about it quite a lot?

"Yes I did, because I had to justify it in my mind. It wasn't because I just wanted to pose. It just seems wrong to me that we should still have these attitudes and standards. It's such an obvious thing. I'm not saying anything new here at all. All I'm saying is that it's still there.

"At school I was always . . . we had to wear a school uniform and so you had to try quite hard to be different. I couldn't stand everyone looking the bloody same. It's ridiculous. We were supposed to wear grey shirts or white shirts so I would wear purple shirts with a fancy collar, or a green shirt. I always hated that."

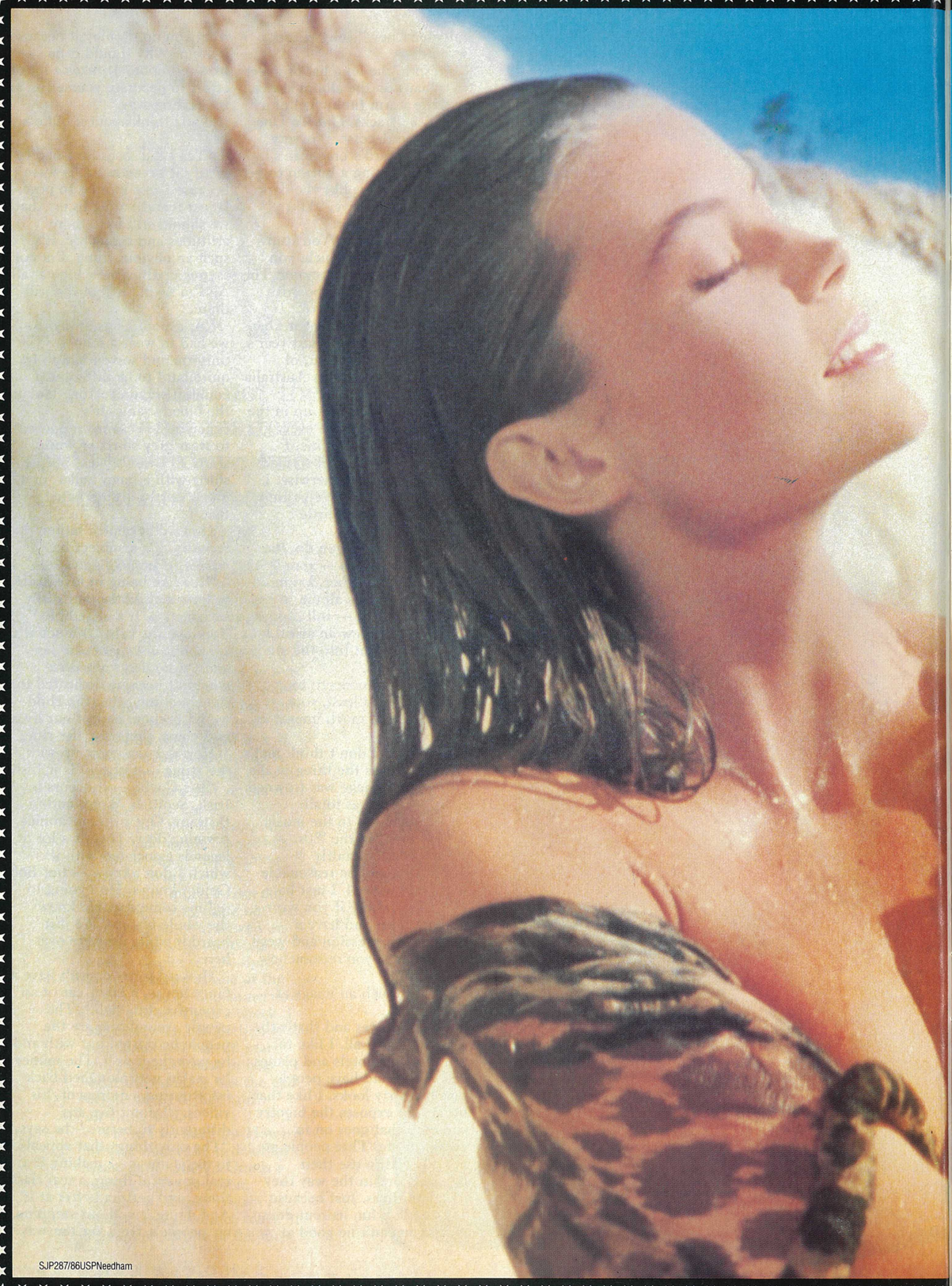
Howard became a father recently. It's a subject he warms to immediately:

"It's like being in love again to have a child. I never really imagined it. It's incredible. You love the baby so much it's a wonderful experience. Jan and I were determined we wouldn't become dedicated to the child only, that the child would become part of our lives and come along for the ride."

How did you come up with the name — Osheen. Is it Irish?

"It's Gaelic — it occurs in Irish, Scottish, Welsh and in Brittany. One of its meanings is young deer. There's a lot of legends associated with it which I don't know — but Bob Geldof knows. He's going to tell me some day. He knows the whole history. We just heard it while we were over here."

Howard Jones doesn't have a fancy house, a fancy car or an expensive drug habit. The people around him are the people he started out with and he pays them well. The money he makes gets ploughed back into touring, equipment, his videos. "I don't live any differently to before," he says. "The only things that appeals to me is music — making it a real powerful thing, a real class thing, and getting better at it. And doing it without stepping on people's faces on the way."



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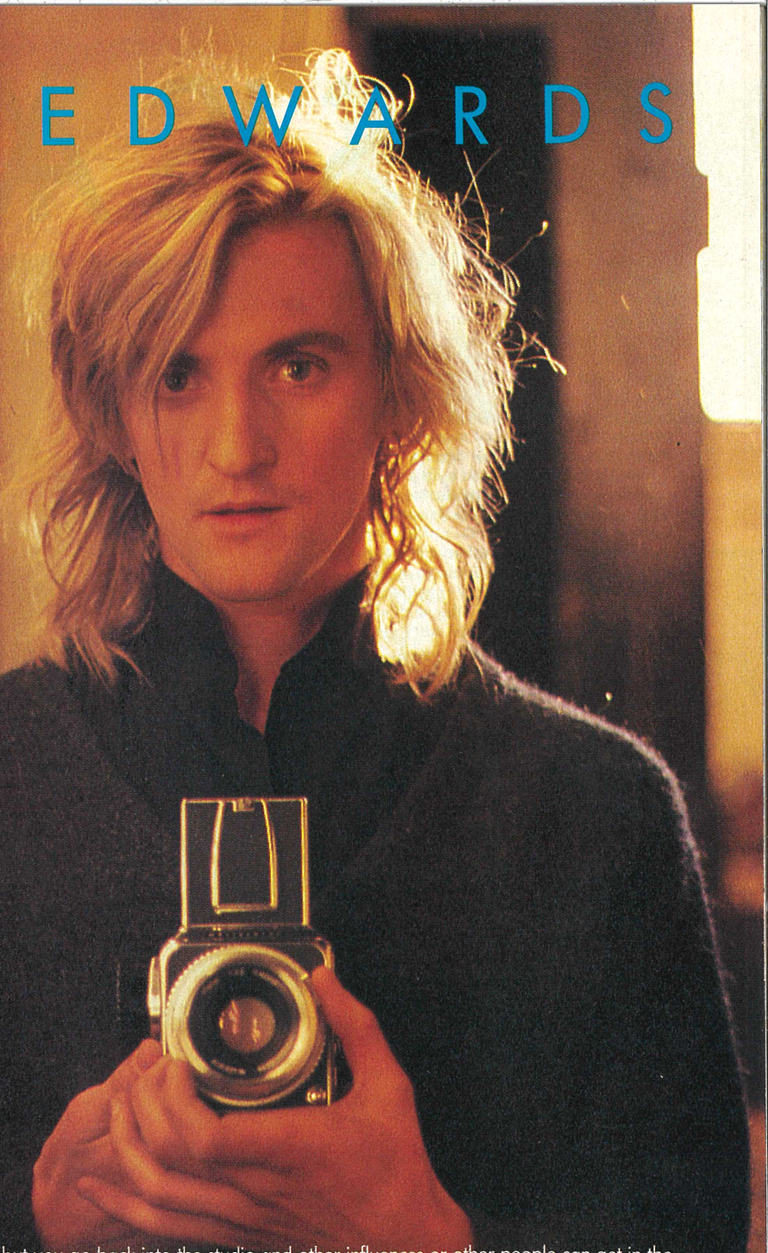
MARK EDWARDS



Guitarist, singer and writer Mark Edwards came from a promisingly musical background. "My mum played violin, my grandma and uncle were both piano players who taught me bits and pieces as a kid, and I think one great-uncle cut a 78 single in Bendigo in 1922. A very early independent," he laughs.

Mark himself started in brass bands, progressed through the recorder and flute and graduated to electric guitar by the time he was 12.

His next career was as apprentice audio operator at Melbourne's Channel 9. "I used to do the Don Lane shows, boom on 'The Sullivans', all that sort of stuff. It was good because it got rid of all the razzamatazz of the entertainment industry at an early age."

It was during that time that he and a workmate started The Runners, a band that built up a solid live career and an album before calling it a day in 1984. The break was a starting point for Mark's solo work. So was his move to Sydney and his meeting with bass player Michael Hegarty;

"It's a co-writing, co-producing partnership. Michael's the other half. I'm the visual entity, but he's like the silent partner. It's not just me, I'm trying to surround myself with people who have very important roles to play, the band, the film clip makers . . . they're all important."

The association has produced three singles (**Worlds Away**, **Only A Love** and the title track) from an album, **Land Of The Living**, which Mark and Michael produced themselves; a calculated risk, but one which paid off.

"We wanted to retain the vibe we had when we first wrote the songs and made the demos. A lot of the time you can get a great demo at home and the vibe's there, but you go back into the studio and other influences or other people can get in the way, and that can stop you getting the same thing on tape. So we though, why not? We do it at home, why not do it in the studio? So we took a punt and went for it."

"The vibe" he talks about might be a linguistic clue to Mark's sunbleached blond hair, beachside lifestyle and familiarity with surfboards.

"Well, boogie board really," he laughs. "I just get in the way of them all."

Land Of The Living is not the only thing Mark has produced this year. His son Michael Richard Edwards showed an uncanny aptitude for publicity when he arranged to be born the same night as the album was finished.

"It's true, it's true," insists Mark. "I got the call at midnight in the studio, when we were doing the rough mixes."

And as Michael prepares to join his father on a six-month touring schedule, it seems likely that Mark will not be the last of the illustrious Edwards.

Rosa Senese

GOOD VIBRATIONS

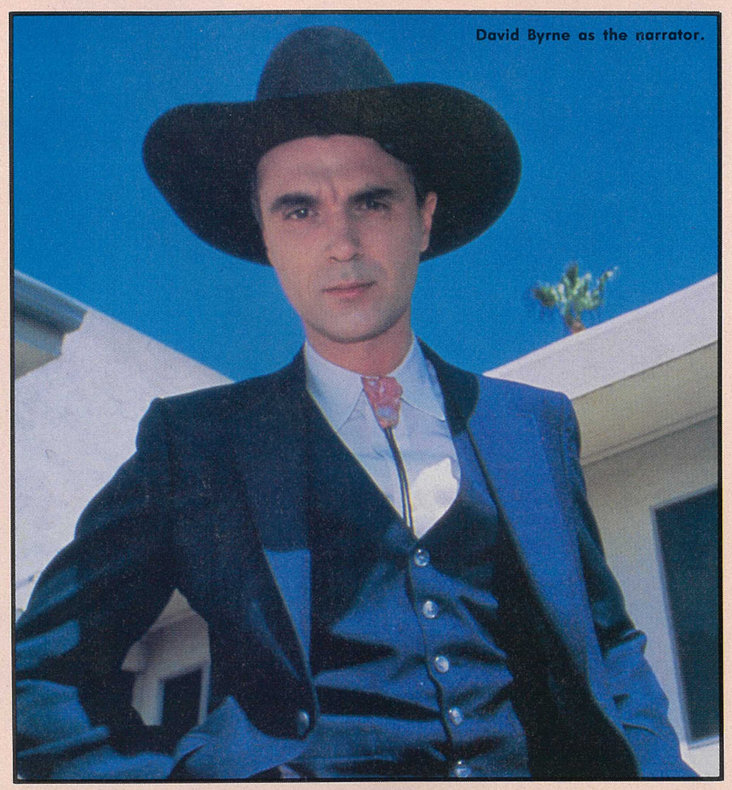
THIS IS A TRUE STORY...

One of the things that makes Talking Heads such a great band is that you never know what they're going to do next. At the centre of this unpredictability is the band's mysterious lead singer David Byrne. After the world-wide success of **Stop Making Sense** and **Little Creatures**, what the band have done this time is record versions of songs written for and performed in the film that marks Byrne's debut as a director, **True Stories.**

True Stories was inspired by Byrne's collection of tabloid and magazine clippings. No mean eccentric himself, Byrne started collecting little articles which detailed people's personal eccentricities on the Heads' **Stop Making Sense** tour. Then about two years ago he got together with Texan playwrights Beth Henley and Stephen Toblowsky to write a story around some of these characters.

The film is set in the mythical town of Virgil, Texas with Byrne appearing on screen as the narrator and linkman between the various characters and story lines. It's a highly original and idiosyncratic idea that is superbly realised by cinematographer Ed Lachman (**Desperately Seeking Susan**) amid the strikingly barren Texas landscape.

The music in the film skitters across a ground breaking array of styles, from the playful heavy metal of **Love For Sale**, the gospel stomp of **Puzzlin' Evidence** to the sweet country of **People Like Us** and the authentic Tex-Mex of **Hey Now.** "The songs were written for the characters and scenes in the film," says Byrne. "So some of them are a little bit different to what I would normally do that way."



David Byrne as the narrator.

True Stories is very American — how do you think it will translate outside America?

"I think they'll have, in a way, a better perspective on it than Americans will. In a way it's kinda a foreigner's view of America. Altho' all the characters and situations are set in Texas, some of the source material for them came from other places. I believe the husband and wife who don't speak to each other are Australian — the original newspaper article said they were. Whether that's true or not I don't know. I turned them all into Texans."

Little Creatures was seen as a return to basics for Talking Heads — this new album seems to continue the trend . . .

"It's pretty basic — if anything it's even more basic than the other one. This one was recorded more or less live in the studio. We more or less just rehearsed the songs for a long period in a rehearsal studio in the Village and then we recorded them fairly quickly. Very few overdubs.

"Because they are written to be the kind of song that a character would sing they're kept simple. To the best of our ability we've tried to make them sound authentic."

What do you feel when you see yourself up on the screen?

"I always feel a little bit uncomfortable. For the most part it's not that hard to sense when you're funny or not funny or when you do a good performance or not. You can kinda sense it — altho' it's easier to sense it when somebody else is doing it (dry chuckle)."

How much of a help was Stop Making Sense in doing this one?

"I learned some technical odds and ends which gave me technical confidence. But I guess more importantly Jonathon Demme (director) inspired me to be more generous in my attitude to working with other people. I mean I think I was anyway but he was extreme in his generosity and his openness and cheerfulness in working with other people. That was a big inspiration."

Are you likely to tour?

"We haven't arrived at what to do live. We've batted ideas around but we haven't arrived at anything so we've put it off. **Stop Making Sense** kinda put an end to that type of performance, put it in a time capsule, so we have to start from scratch and I have to come up with new stage movements. So it might be a while."

What was the attitude of the rest of the band towards you doing the movie?

"Sometimes they were very supportive and very helpful and other times they wanted to stay apart from it and wait till it was all finished to see it. Chris 'n' Tina have seen it — they saw it in a rougher form — and they seemed to like it. Jerry I don't think has seen it yet."

You put yourself through a few odd things in the film . . .

"Yeah (laughs). Falling into a vat of chocolate . . . it was cold too. It wasn't hot chocolate."

Was it really chocolate?

"No (laughs). It was this clay-like stuff called Bentonite which is used in oil drilling and also used to thicken the filling in jelly doughnuts (laughs)."

The film overall is like a celebration of ordinary people's eccentricities. What is it about that you like?

"To me it seems like a genuine creativity that's underappreciated. In its own way it's just as valid and avant-garde and whatever as anything that a so-called sophisticated New Yorker would do."

Has success made you more self-confident or less self-confident?

"I think a little bit more although I keep going into fields that I'm not real practised at . . . in a way that challenges my self-confidence. I could pretend to be confident about making records because I should be good at it by now."

You were going for years before you had any major success in the States.

"We had limited success in the big cities. Enough so that we could make a living. We could travel around in the station wagon and make a living from performing. So we were never at a point where we . . . we quit our day jobs early on and were all living in the same room, kind of."

What was the first day job you had?

"The last one was actually a pretty good one. I worked as a stat man for a small graphic design firm. I did the enlargements and reductions in their dark room. What they were doing wasn't interesting — it was mainly Revlon displays you see on counter tops. That and a giant book describing every battery ever made by Union Carbide (laughs). Those were their two big money-making projects. But I did the typesetting and that kind of thing for the first two Talking Heads LPs out of that place. I would do that in the day time and we would play at night."

Religious fundamentalism features in the film (a piece called Puzzling Evidence). Is that more prevalent in Texas than anywhere else?

"No, it's most prevalent in Southern California. It's more hi-tech. There are TV networks that from morning to night are just various forms of religious programming. It's kind of an odd phenomenon. I suppose it represents a search for some kind of moral basis that people can use to guide their lives in the face of what they perceive as chaotic world events."

What were you like as a little boy? Where you a loner or did you mix with the others?

"I had friends, I had a group of friends. We had to move a lot — not out of choice. It usually had to do with the highway dept (laughs)."

Why — they'd put roads through where you were living?

"Yeah yeah! One was a highway that came through and one they decided to make a parking lot. That happened a few times. I remember one time we had to move — we lived in an apartment but we had to move . . . I was very young and I used to walk round the apartment bouncing my ball and eventually it just drove the neighbours berserk (laughs). We had to move to a basement flat so there'd be no-one beneath us. But in most cases I could still have the same friends. I wasn't incredibly social."

Did you play sport?

"I played soccer briefly until (cracks up) I got knocked out by a ball in the crotch and that put me out during the critical period when you had to try out and make the team. When I was in school we tried out some experimental sports — I don't think any of them really caught hold. They tried scooter soccer first (uproarious laughter). If you can imagine a skateboard with 4 wheels and instead of riding it like a scooter you had to sit on it and the balls were those massive . . . medicine balls. You could use your limbs to touch the ball but your rear end could never leave the scooter so the way you would attack the opposing team was just to hit them with the ball and knock them off their scooter. The next year they tried a variation — scooter hockey. They had an ice hockey puck and little hockey sticks, like the size of a large comb but carved out of wood. That was a little more controllable but it still wasn't a very successful sport. I think the scooters made everyone look too ridiculous so it was impossible to win girls playing that sport . . ."

A Lying Woman, played by Jo Harvey Allen, claims to have been propositioned by both John F. Kennedy and Mike Wallace of "60 Minutes". She chooses this moment to reveal that she was born with a tail.

Louis Fyne (John Goodman) attempts to woo a woman, played by Alix Elias, by singing a song to her that he hasn't quite finished writing, in *True Stories*.

David Byrne as a visitor to Virgil, Texas, has an unusual dinner with the town's civic leader, Earl Culver (Spalding Gray) and his wife, Kay (Annie McEnroe).

TALKING HEADS RETURN WITH AN LP BASED ON THE FILM 'TRUE STORIES', THE ECCENTRIC BRAINCHILD OF SINGER DAVID BYRNE, WHICH ALSO MARKS HIS DIRECTORIAL DEBUT. DONALD ROBERTSON MEETS THE HEAD HEAD.

UNSCRAMBLED X

WITH ALL THE HOOHA SURROUNDING THE UNCANNY X-MEN AND A NEW ALBUM IN THE SHOPS, THE TIME WAS NIGH TO LET THEM LOOSE WITH A TAPE RECORDER TO SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES . . .

OCCASIONAL WHIP-CRACKING BY CHRISSIE CAMP.
PIX BY JOHN BRASCH.

"Lissen bub, who's asking the questions around here?" Brian Mannix takes the interviewer's chair with John Kirk (left), Craig Waugh and Chuck Hargreaves.

What better way to kick things off than with the new album. Tell us about it . . .

John: Kevin Beamish (producer) came over with a really good track record, having had some magnificent hits over in the States with bands like REO Speedwagon. He has obviously got what it takes to produce a great song for the States, and keeping in mind our album is for a world market this time, we wanted someone who could help us compete like that. Kevin Beamish certainly fits that.

Brian: Also, our last record (**I Am**) was acclaimed by many people as the best thing we did, so we thought "Well let's stick to a good thing".

Chuck: He's a typical American, but he's OK.

Craig: I thought he was able to get a very good performance out of us while we were recording.

Brian: Old Kev spent a bit of time on his appearance too, didn't he?

Chuck: That's dead true.

Craig: Yeah, he use to spend a severe amount of time in front of the mirror doing his hair before he came into the studio.

Brian: Seriously, comparing the new album with the last, how do you think we've improved?

John: Well, I'm glad you asked me that Brian.

Brian: Pleasure, John.

John: It's a funny thing really. A lot of people when they hear it are going to think the band's changed a hell of a lot, but we haven't. It's simply that we've got some money spent on it this time, so it sounds as good as anything on the radio. The first elpee was a very small budget and it didn't really stand up production-wise I don't think. So the band's the same. The big change was in the budget I think.

Chuck: Yeah, the budget was the biggest problem with the last album. Everyone was a bit down on Red (ex-Skyhook Red Symons who produced **Cos Life Hurts**), but I think he did a very good job for what he had money-wise. It wasn't the producer, it was the budget.

Craig: One of the biggest things that has come from having a budget is just time. Being able to record a song knowing you've got a couple of days to do it properly, and not have to do three songs in one day as was the case on the last album (Noisy agreement).

Brian: Do you think the new album will surprise a lot of people John?

John: Oh, without a doubt. The first thing people will say is that it doesn't sound like us. Even just the intros to songs. It's not going to sound like people's conception of the band. It's going to open their eyes a bit, maybe hopefully change a few minds.

Brian: Yeah, I guess we all feel that we won't have those problems of production. The songs are just as good.

Chuck: Well, they can't use the production as the excuse not to play the single on radio now.

CC: So what was radio's excuse for I Am?

Brian: I Am doesn't really need any excuses. It got to number 16 nationally. That's all we thought it would do. It only got airplay for four weeks, so it got to, er, a great height, because it didn't receive any follow-through airplay. It did fine.

CC: Back to the album. Favourite songs?

John: Well, this is a topic that will probably change in time. At the moment, I'd say **Don't Wake Me**, and y'know there's really some good dance tracks on this album. Songs that could be played at the Chevron (Melbourne), that sort of thing, which we didn't have on the first album. My favourites are the more up-tempo songs.

Craig: There's a song on it called **I'm On Heat**, which will be a real huge hit.

(Much laughter around the table when the original lyrics to this particular ditty are asked to be repeated. Brian has a sudden, and uncharacteristically rare memory lapse).

Brian: The thing about the album is that it is very diverse. It depends on your mood. If you feel like partying there's **Don't Wake Me, I'm On Heat** and **Goodnight So Long.** If you're sort of a bit mellow, **Colour Your Answer Blue** is good for that and **Nothing Touches My World,** and if you feel like a laugh, well **Playing The Titanic** certainly fills that category. Chuck sings **Colour Your Answer Blue** so he can tell you about that one.

Chuck: When I wrote it I was trying to write a single, but there were hours when nothing came out and I got really pissed off. So I said stuff this, I'll just write something that I like. I got a friend to write the lyrics 'cos I'm not very good with lyrics.

Brian: It is pretty different from typical X-Men stuff. I mean it's not a style of music we've ever played before, but then again if you look at our track record, expecially the B sides, we've played country and western and heavy metal . . .

Craig: I don't see why everyone is making such a fuss about **Colour Your Answer Blue,** saying it's so different. I mean everyone recognised **10, 9, 8, 7, 6,** . . . was different from what Midnight Oil had done yet there was no question about where their direction was going.

Chuck: But everyone's saying that about the whole album, y'know, really surprised. I don't know why people are on about it. It makes you wonder what people actually think.

Brian: I think what I'm finding is we've always known we had the potential to make a really good world-class album, but a lot of people think that X-Men talents rely on things like **Everybody Wants To Work.** It's a good song, it's a great song, but it's not all we can do. We've always known we can do a lot more than that, and when we've played this album to a lot of people who didn't realise that, they've been forced to realise it.

CC: Hence the album's title?

Brian: What You Give Is What You Get. Yeah, sort of. If you give a band a great budget you'll get a great record (laughs). If you give $13 to buy an album, you get a great album, and we gave our best making it, so hopefully we'll get a lot of success out of it as well.

CC: Why isn't Joey Amenta playing live with you any more, or shouldn't I bring that up?

'It's not going to sound like people's conception of the band. It's going to open their eyes a bit, maybe hopefully change a few minds' — John Kirk

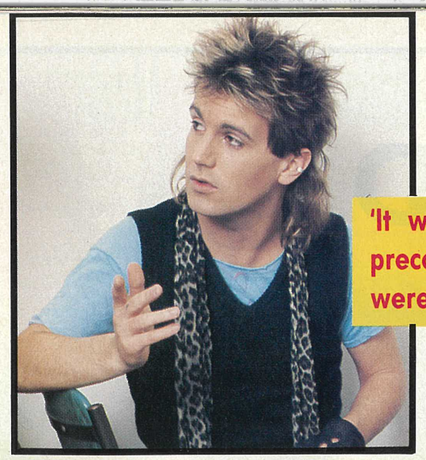
John: You can bring that up.

CC: OK, what happened to Joey?

John: Oh, God, I wish you hadn't brought that up! (Lots of laughs) Seriously, Joey helped us out on the last tour when Ronnie had just left the band.

Brian: He'd already played with John in the Party Pies . . .

John: So he was the obvious choice at the time and he helped us out on the tour and a little bit on the album, but now he's doing his own thing with band called Eye to Eye. ▶



'It was good to meet new people who didn't have any preconceived ideas about you and just took you for what you were' — Brian Mannix on his 'Flying Doctors' stint.

Brian: Ronnie's playing in Sydney still with a band called Kings Of The Sun. They've got their first single out. We'd welcome Ronnie to come back, but his heart really isn't in it, playing with us and all the bullshit that goes with it. We've got to respect that and wish him well. Let's tell the readers what else we've been doing What have you been doing this year Craig?

Craig: I played with Marc Hunter last year in the Party Boys for a couple of weeks and did the Mi-Sex tour in January. It's good to get out and play with other musicians. It makes you feel fresh about your own band again.

Brian: What was it like to play with a band other than us?

Craig: Well when you play with the one band for a couple of years you do get complacent about your position and it gets to become like work. When all of a sudden you play with other musicians, especially those that are established in their own right, you're in the hot seat again. It's sort of scary, but good. It's challenging and it improves your playing too.

CC: Craig, tell us about your nasty habits.

Craig: I drink a lot . . .

Brian: Well — there was an amusing story that happened in Adelaide once . . . (lots of laughter). But then again get a couple of grogs into Kirky and wow, get away from him . . .

CC: To change the subject, tell us about your cat John.

John: Cleo? I put Cleo into an advertising agency last year. She had her portfolio done. Her father was a big star, so it's in her blood. She just sat there, propped up, didn't move a muscle while the camera was going. She's done the Dine ad, so she's got her mug on every can and she did an ad for a company called Carpet Call, which is the one with Dennis Lillee in it. She's in the middle of the ladies' legs . . .

Well, anyway that was the easiest thing I've done recently. Musically I put a cover band together called The Party Pies with some old friends, like Joey Amenta. We had guest singers like Wendy Stapleton, Darryl Cotton, Ron Martini. It was just a lot of fun and so successful that I might do it again on a bigger scale next time. I mean, we're in this business because we love playing, so every opportunity of spare time off most musicians will want to play somewhere.

CC: Any nasty habits John?

Craig: Never wake him up in the morning, that's his worst habit.

John: Well I can be paranoid about certain things. Like doing my hair. There's a bad habit for you, so the hats I'm wearing at the moment save me time there. That's about it really. I'm a pretty OK sort of guy really (much laughs). What about you Chuck?

Chuck: I've been doing as little as possible. When we went off the road I was really sick of playing and really sick of music. I spent a lot of time snorkelling at Sorrento, just being really slack. I had an eight-track studio I was putting together, so I finished that, which took a lot of time — and money. I've got interested in photography too. I started doing that while we were on the road, just for something to do.

Brian: That's something about John too. He's keen on photography.

John: Yes, I've got my own album of polaroids too, my outfit's a bit cheaper but . . .

Chuck: Bad habits? I'm pretty lazy. I can't seem to get anything done. I've cleaned up my act a lot. I don't smoke or take drugs, but everything I start I always leave unfinished. If you'd have asked me 12 months ago I would have had a long list, but just being lazy is my worst habit I think.

Brian: Yeah, but I think we were all pretty tired of what we were doing after last year. I was like Chuck. I just wanted to get away from music, so I did "The Flying Doctors", which was great. It was good to meet new people who didn't have any preconceived ideas about you and just took you for what you were. It was the first part I'd been offered which really took my fancy. So I thought, yeah, I could give it a go. Then I got offered a part in a situation comedy at the ABC called "Park Lane", but I couldn't do that because the band was going back on the road. Basically I'm not trying really hard to look for any other parts. Maybe after the tour. I'd like to do a film, something where you get to rehearse before you do it (lots of laughter). I'd like to play a negro (lots more laughter).

John: And of course there's our X-men film too.

Brian: Yeah, the X-men video! We filmed about 100 minutes with everyone acting out a different role, 'cos we're all pretty good actors of course. Craig plays Mad Max, Johnny is Saturday Night Fever, Chuck is James Bond, Ronnie was a Clint Eastwood/John Wayne type of cowboy and I was a Humphrey Bogart type. The story is that we all get a message that we've got a gig to do and along the way to Festival Hall there's lots of unnecessary violence and swearing and unnecessary sex and you see a couple of videos on the way and we all end up in the band room. It's pretty over the top, I mean it's not "The Colour Purple".

Chuck: My acting in it is so bad, really, so bad.

John: No, no it's not. It's OK.

Brian: It's called **Viva La Boodgie.** For those who don't speak French, boodgie is another word for . . . er, . . . somebody, how would you say it . . .

John: Er, it means, er, taking your clothes off and well . . .

Brian: Anyway, we could release it now as a video if we wanted to but we're not really happy with the deal we've been offered. We put a lot of time and money into it. So we're hoping that after the album comes out, there will be a larger demand for it, so we'll get a better deal.

CC: Tell us some of the best and worst things about being in the X-men?

John: The best is that you're obviously some sort of celebrity, there's no doubt about that. The worst is that because it gets very business-orientated at the level we're at, the fun can sometimes go out of playing.

Chuck: I think the best thing is not working nine till five. I love having my days free. The worst, well there's something about playing in a band where people envy you, almost idolise you and when you're there you realise that you're not really as fantastic as they think you are.

Brian: Yeah, trying to live up to others' expectations of what you are.

Chuck: That makes me feel strange. You feel like setting them straight.

Craig: That's very true. And people think you've got such an easy life. They forget about all the Christmases and special occasions that you miss. We always miss them you know. You always do.

Chuck: Birthdays in the back of the Fairlane somewhere in Queensland . . .

Brian: I'm spending my birthday in Canberra. Nothing against Canberra, but it's five hours there and five hours back and your day is stuffed up.

Craig: The best thing about this band though is that there is a lot of personal involvement from everyone. Everyone has there own little say whether it's worth it or not. Everyone cares about the band . . . Y'know in other bands they leave it to one person, whereas with us everyone becomes involved, which I think is a good thing, a good sign . . .

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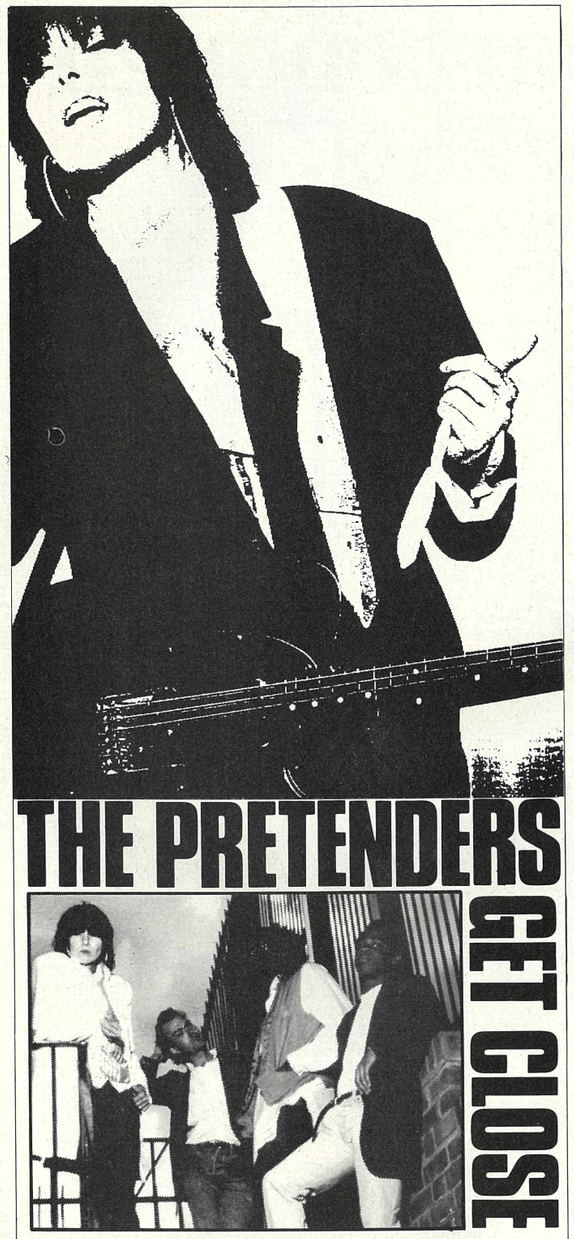

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FROM SUGAR **BOWL** TO ROCK 'N' **ROLL...**

Cockroaches l-r; Tony Henry, Phil Robinson, Tony Field, John Field, Paul Field. On top, Jeff Fatt.

ROSA SENESE MEETS THE GROUP WITH MORTEIN APPEAL, THE COCKROACHES, AS THEY PREPARE TO DELIVER THEIR MUCH-AWAITED DEBUT LP

They would probably blush, guffaw and make a joke about it if you told them, but The Cockroaches are possibly the *nicest* people you could interview. Which is what Paul Field, Phil Robinson, Jeff Fatt and Tony Henry are doing today. (The two other Field brothers, Tony and John, are missing.) Silly humour aside, they're also extremely enthusiastic about their long career which only "got serious" a year and a half ago.

Now they're at the unprecedently serious step of putting out an album, being overseen by producer Charles Fisher at Sydney's Trafalgar studio. Where the band, between takes, have developed the odious habit of watching Days Of Our Lives on TV. One of them, who shall not be named, has a crush on Hope. Come on boys, you dont have time to follow soapies, not when Cockroaches fans have already waited so long for an album. The band, it transpires, have been through record company hassles and have changed labels, finally coming to settle in Regular's clan; hence the delay.

"There were times when we could have signed a contract," recollects Paul, "but we would have had to sell our souls for it. Now we've got a proper set-up, and it's probably better because we've got better songs, we've come along. I know for people in Sydney it seems like a long time, but other people don't know that much of us, so we'll be new to them."

There's little doubt that a good album would reach more people than live touring, as busy as The Cockroaches have been in that respect;

"It's a different level," says Phil.

"In Sydney we've probably done as much as we can live. Once you get a record out and some level of success, it puts you in another bracket, and you can go just about everywhere in Australia and not have to worry about crowds turning up."

And even beyond . . . There's talk about lining up a release in America and doing a US college circuit tour. One little problem though . . .

"There's another band called The Cockroaches in America," reveals Jeff, "but they might be just a Milwaukee punk band or something . . . I hope so. Sherbet changed their name to Highway in the US, just imagine what our American name would be!" (Howsabout "Cockroach City?" — Ed)

Some level of success had cruelly eluded the band in the last single prior to the current **Wait Up. "Just Another Night** got on the radio but not in the shops," laments Phil. "We were in that independent label syndrome. You couldn't get it at Bondi Junction, let alone Adelaide or Perth. People were ringing up radio stations to complain that they couldn't buy it. That's very frustrating. It also wasted a year of our prime, which is pretty bad. But we don't want to dwell on the past."

No, that's right, let's dwell instead on this long-awaited album (probably self-titled) which they plan to release this month.

"Some songs will make you want to dance," promises Tony, "some songs will make you want to make love, some songs will make you want to eat . . . there's a great variety." (And that is a great piece of rhetoric.)

It's the band itself that first brings up the dread question of the clichéd "60s sound". Should anyone make that comment about their album, they're ready to field off (groan — Ed) the unwelcome suggestion.

"We don't try to sound like a '60s band, that's just the way it is," maintains Phil. "Because we're influenced by it, and because it's not a heavy guitar sound, and anyone who plays like that live they reckon is '60s. The Hoodoo Gurus, for example, are just as much '60s-influenced as we are, but by a heavier sound. That's not more modern, it's just a different sound."

"We've always played the same type of music," says Paul. "And when we first started, which is quite a few years ago, we'd only play a couple of times a month; we were still at school then. Punk had just hit Sydney, and all that buzzsaw guitar was the thing then. We were certainly not a cool band then, and we're not now, and we probably never will be."

"And we never want to be," adds Jeff. "We don't even like the idea of being fashionable."

Yes, that's the impression taken from their **Wait Up** video, all very low-budget and silly and likeable stuff. "The most Cockroach-like clip" they call it.

"It shows everybody in the band and that's all we wanted," says Paul. "We wouldn't want anything on location in Bangkok or something, that would be ridiculous for us. The single might leave some doubts as to what we're on about, but the clip says it all."

"Unless they've seen us live," says Phil, "a lot of people are very suspicious and I can understand that. Well, only rock critics really, the people who don't go out and see bands. And we're not aiming at those people anyway."

"You don't go out to please critics," philosophises Paul, "because you end up sounding just like everyone else."

Hmm, what about **looking** the same? Glancing around at their faces, it occurs to me that all the Cockroaches seem to look very similar, even though only three are related. Has that ever crossed their minds?

"Oh yeah," they chorus. "People say that all the time."

"Oh, we're just good-looking fellows," says Phil with a broad grin. Laughter all round.

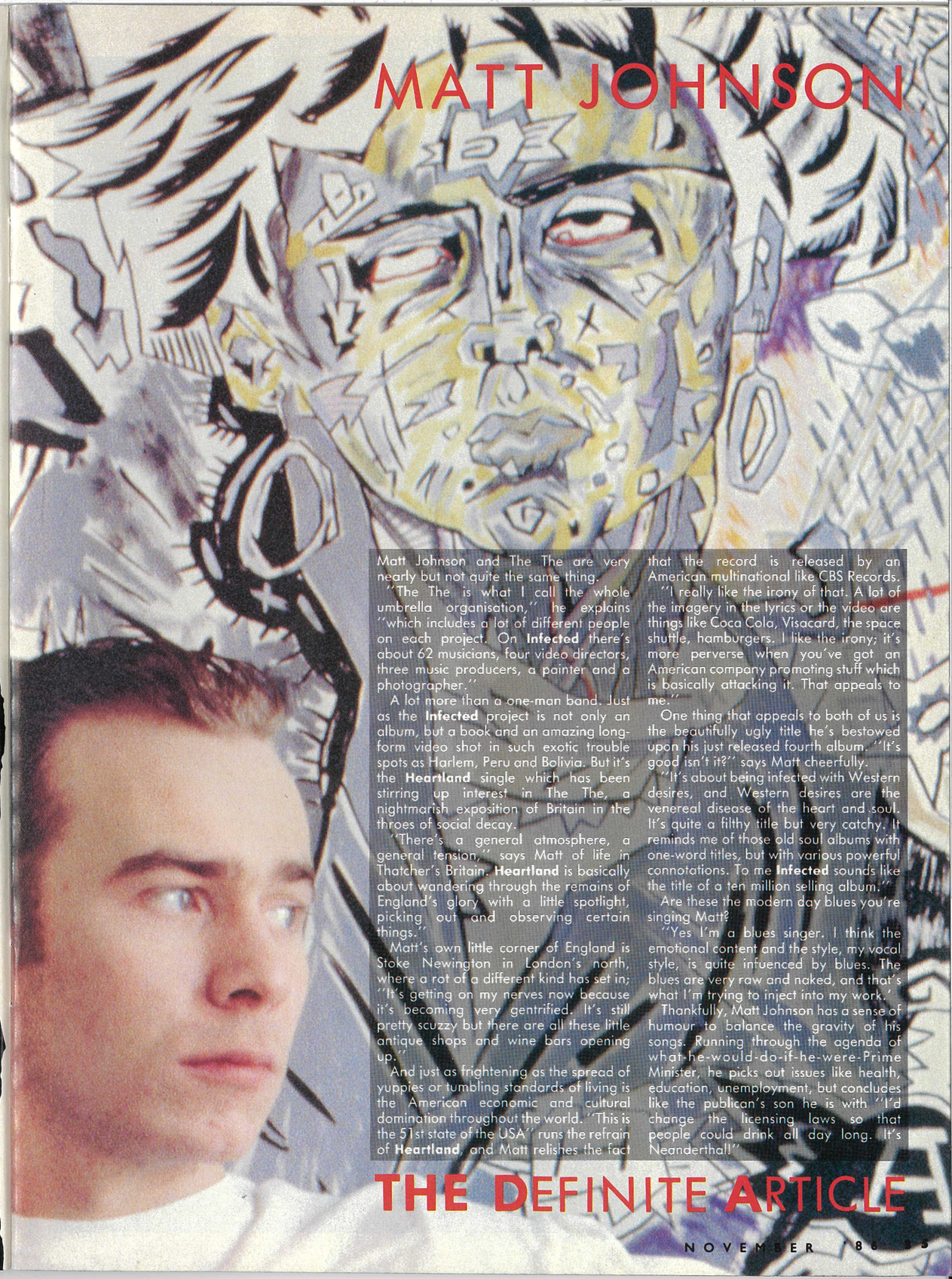
VOTE!!!

In this month's Dolly we give you the chance to vote for your favourites in the Dolly Reader's Rock Poll!

We speak to Dragon . . . what *did* Marc and Todd get up to in a converted barn in New York? Crowded House . . . Why is Neil Finn into volcanic activity? and Whitney Houston . . . Who is ''the only man in my life''?

For the answers to these and other mysteries of life, see November Dolly. On sale October 27.

AND a double-sided poster of Spandau Ballet and the Models!



MATT JOHNSON

Matt Johnson and The The are very nearly but not quite the same thing.

''The The is what I call the whole umbrella organisation,'' he explains ''which includes a lot of different people on each project. On **Infected** there's about 62 musicians, four video directors, three music producers, a painter and a photographer.''

A lot more than a one-man band. Just as the **Infected** project is not only an album, but a book and an amazing long-form video shot in such exotic trouble spots as Harlem, Peru and Bolivia. But it's the **Heartland** single which has been stirring up interest in The The, a nightmarish exposition of Britain in the throes of social decay.

''There's a general atmosphere, a general tension,'' says Matt of life in Thatcher's Britain. **Heartland** is basically about wandering through the remains of England's glory with a little spotlight, picking out and observing certain things.''

Matt's own little corner of England is Stoke Newington in London's north, where a rot of a different kind has set in; ''It's getting on my nerves now because it's becoming very gentrified. It's still pretty scuzzy but there are all these little antique shops and wine bars opening up.''

And just as frightening as the spread of yuppies or tumbling standards of living is the American economic and cultural domination throughout the world. ''This is the 51st state of the USA'' runs the refrain of **Heartland**, and Matt relishes the fact that the record is released by an American multinational like CBS Records.

''I really like the irony of that. A lot of the imagery in the lyrics or the video are things like Coca Cola, Visacard, the space shuttle, hamburgers. I like the irony; it's more perverse when you've got an American company promoting stuff which is basically attacking it. That appeals to me.''

One thing that appeals to both of us is the beautifully ugly title he's bestowed upon his just released fourth album. ''It's good isn't it?'' says Matt cheerfully.

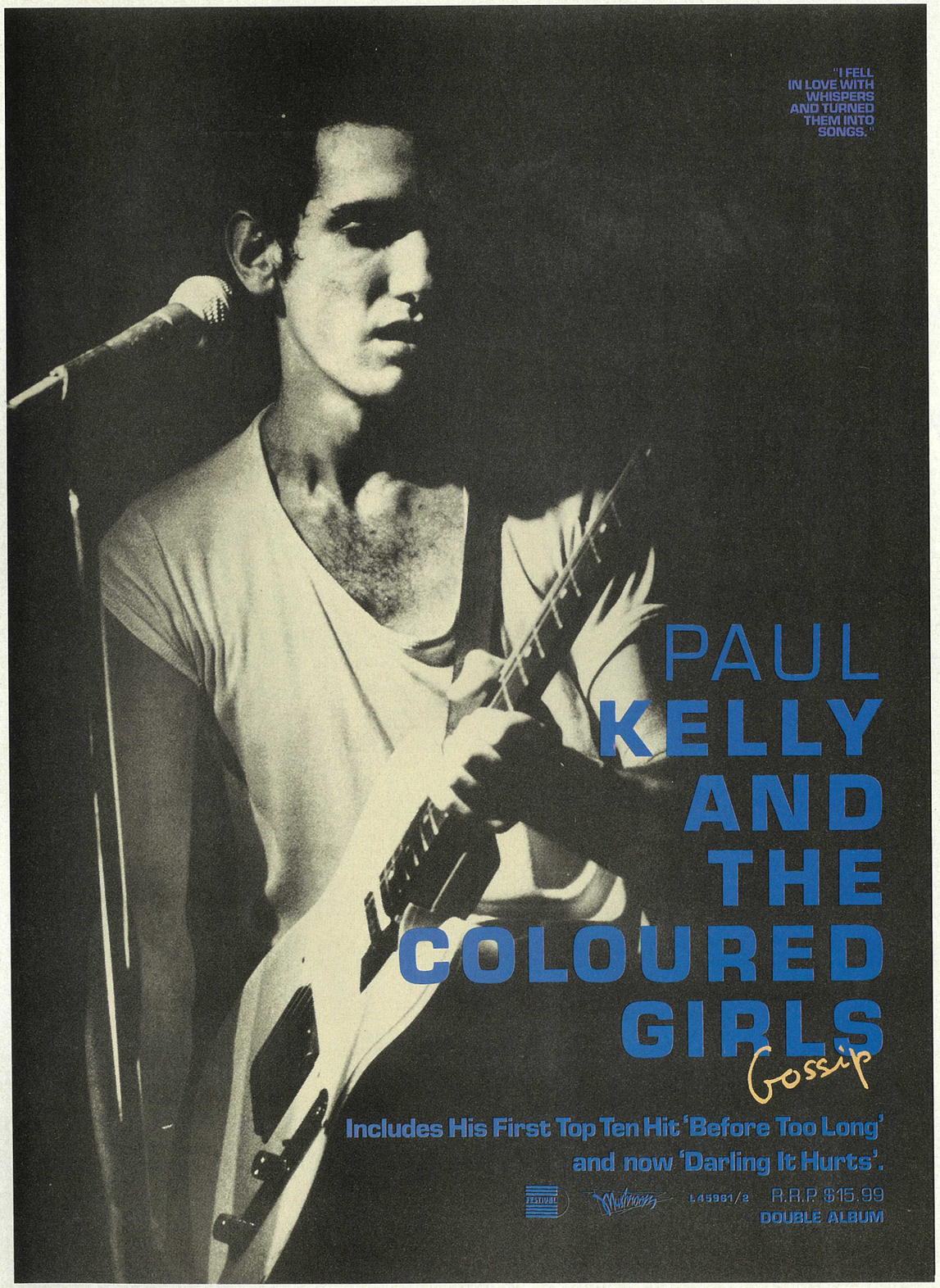
''It's about being infected with Western desires, and Western desires are the venereal disease of the heart and soul. It's quite a filthy title but very catchy. It reminds me of those old soul albums with one-word titles, but with various powerful connotations. To me **Infected** sounds like the title of a ten million selling album.''

Are these the modern day blues you're singing Matt?

''Yes I'm a blues singer. I think the emotional content and the style, my vocal style, is quite influenced by blues. The blues are very raw and naked, and that's what I'm trying to inject into my work.''

Thankfully, Matt Johnson has a sense of humour to balance the gravity of his songs. Running through the agenda of what-he-would-do-if-he-were-Prime Minister, he picks out issues like health, education, unemployment, but concludes like the publican's son he is with ''I'd change the licensing laws so that people could drink all day long. It's Neanderthal!''

THE DEFINITE ARTICLE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CLUB SKA

Six-sevenths of Club Ska. Top; Stuart Crysell, Dave Lennon, Ted Ayers. Bottom; Keith Elphick, Mark Taylor, Patou Powell.

"We're a bunch of old ska and reggae nuts," says Stuart Crysell, speaking for his band Club Ska.

"It's that addictive off-beat which makes dancing very easy," explains Dave Lennon. "Sweet melodies with a very tough beat underneath."

"It's hypnotic," adds singer Patou Powell. "You don't necessarily have to listen to it to be moved by it, it has the ability to move you subconsciously."

Good enough reasons to start up Club Ska this year, a seven-piece outfit culled largely from old members of The Allniters and Igniters. Since then they've made a lot of people dance, and made a respectable showing with their independent single release **Black And White**, which has led to a record contract and second single, **Cupid.** But if you're itching to know the difference between ska and reggae, Jamaican Patou has the answer at his fingertips;

"Ska was the predecessor of reggae. It came around about '62-'63. Ska is just a phonetic way of phrasing the guitar style, which sounded like ska, ska, ska, ska and that was just an engineer or a musician telling other musicians how to play this new style of music. There was rock steady after ska, which metamorphosed into reggae, and reggae has been there ever since."

Although they're writing original material in preparation for a first album, a Club Ska set will also include a number of lovingly recreated covers. The two singles to date have been provided by Three Dog Night and By Patou's hero, Sam Cooke, but it's the reggae and ska classics which are hammered out onstage.

"We cover a lot of very strong songs which have never had a decent go in this country. They'll be lost to this generation if nobody comes along and plays them," argues Dave emotively. "There are other songwriters besides Bob Marley, he's just the best known. Gregory Isaacs, Toots, Jimmy Cliff . . ."

Authenticity is not only a matter of the right sources, but also the right technique. As Patou claims; "We're actually the only band who do play it authentically because we play it at the original speed, so that you retain the melody line."

"The Two-Tone bands," expands Stuart, "they took the basic ska songs and added the energy of punk, which is why they were so fast. People usually think of ska as 100mph, but we've gone back to the source and that's not the case at all."

There is a debt to be acknowledged to the British Two-Tone bands of the '70s, The Specials et al, who revived interest in ska in a big way. They also gave ska a contemporary relevance by taking up racial and other issues in their songs.

"That was a great development for sure," comments Dave.

"Reggae is real two tone music, or more tones actually, since Jamaica is a place where people af all races live. All of them have had some input into reggae, and reggae can be the meeting place for many types of music."

For the purists, there is also a long-lost ska dance, the secret of which resides with Patou. "It's called The Shuffle, and the aim is to look as uncoordinated and unbalanced as possible without falling on your ass, while also moving in time with the music. You shake your legs very fast. I've never seen it in this country except once when myself, another Jamaican and a Barbadian decided to take to the dancefloor, and we managed to clear the floor."

THE RESURRECTED SHUFFLE...

C'est Ca

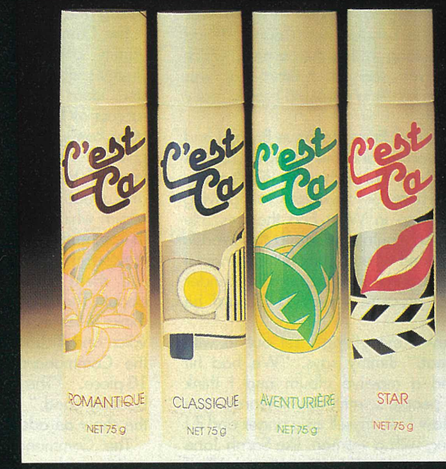
DEO-COLOGNE BODY SPRAY

CLASSIQUE

STAR

AVENTURIÉRE

ROMANTIQUE



SJP286/86USPNeedham

THE COMMUNARDS

BEAT THAT PERFECT HIT

While most people regard The Communards as an offshoot of Bronski Beat, Richard Coles and Jimmy Sommerville's association actually predates **Smalltown Boy** and other Bronski hits.

"Richard and I worked on a community video called **Framed Youth**," says Jimmy in his dense Glasgow brogue, "which was funded by the London Arts Council. I had written this song called **Screaming** which Richard played sax on. I think that was probably the first time I realised I could really sing."

That video led Jimmy to Steve Bronski and Larry Steinbachek and the runaway success of Bronski Beat. For Richard it didn't really lead anywhere — except to playing rehearsal piano in West End theatres. He did, however, contribute sax to the Bronski Beat album and when Jimmy felt the original ideals of Bronski Beat crumbling under commercial pressure it was to Richard he turned.

"I achieved everything I set out to with Bronski Beat," Jimmy says. "We had hit singles and a massive album and I think changed people's attitudes towards gay people. Now I see myself as a singer and if I want to sing with a woman, like Sarah Jane on **Don't Leave Me This Way**, then I will. If I'd've done that before there would've been some people who would've accused me of selling out."

The Communards' debut album covers a variety of styles, reflecting Richard and Jimmy's desire to experiment with sounds and ideas and styles. The chart-topping success of **Don't Leave Me This Way** must have come as something of a surprise, but given the track record of covers in the UK this year, it's perhaps not a total shock. The duo are already looking towards their second album which Richard says will veer towards the orchestral. "I like those richer textures — they seem to give songs extra stature."

If there is anything already distinctive about The Communards' sound, Jimmy thinks it lies in the relationship between his voice and Richard's piano. However, when the Communards hit the stage it's as a 10-piece. "They're much more than a backing band," Richard asserts. "They give the show an added dimension."

The Communards are often put in the position of being representatives of the gay community. It's something they don't actively seek: "We haven't been elected," Richard observes wryly, "and when we speak it's only our opinion."

But it's not something they shirk either.

"The gay community in London is very disorganised," says Jimmy, "which is bad because it really is a time, with AIDS and everything, for the gay community to assert itself." The two are scathing of the newly set up London Gay Centre whose first acts were to ban various sections of the gay community. "They banned gay skinheads, they banned S&M dykes, they banned bisexuals — and they wonder why the place is empty!" Jimmy snorts.

Being a well recognised gay does still have its drawbacks. Jimmy (and until recently, Richard) lives in West Hampstead — a yuppie area which he hates — but says, "At least it's safe". He would definitely think twice about going to Oxford St or Soho on a Saturday night and skinhead-infested areas of the East End at any time.

Still, when he is recognised it's usually by middle-aged women (30-50 years old). "They still think I'm in Bronski Beat," he laughs. It doesn't seem to matter to him. With **Don't Leave** sitting at No. 1, the last laugh belongs to Jimmy.

Donald Robertson

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PERFORMER OF THE MONTH

Elton John

NAME: Born Reginald Dwight. He took his name from two other musicians, Elton Dean and Long John Baldry, with whom he shared the early years of his career. In a moment of humour typical of Elton, he made his official name Elton Hercules John. Hercules was a nickname.

BEGINNINGS: The early years of Elton's career were unspectacular, spent backing other singers in clubs, playing piano in pubs, and later providing piano in the studios for artists like The Hollies (**Long Cool Woman In A Black Dress**).

MEETING BERNIE TAUPIN: Both Elton and Bernie Taupin answered the same ad looking for new talent. Elton sang his favourite country songs at the piano, while quite independently Bernie brought his scrapbook of poems. The people who auditioned Elton thought they would see what would happen if they teamed the piano man with the lyric writer. The first Elton John-Bernie Taupin songs were written even before the two met.

FAME AND FORTUNE: As their songwriting made Elton's records more and more successful, Elton and Bernie continued to work in a very businesslike way. Whenever the time came to record a new album, Elton would receive a batch of lyrics just in time to start writing the songs. Then Bernie started experiencing personal problems, and when rejecting lyrics didn't shake Bernie to his senses, Elton decided to take on more of the songwriting himself, with others. After a break of several albums Elton and Bernie started working together again and instantly Elton's career came out of the trough it had fallen into.

ELTON AND AUSTRALIA: Elton John has always had a fond regard for Australia. We appreciated him well before England discovered his records. Fate has decreed that Australia has always been part of major turning points in Elton's life. Australia inspired **Crocodile Rock**. Elton was in Australia to hear that his friend John Lennon had died, and was married in Australia.

TOP ALBUMS: Too Low For Zero, Goodbye Yellow Brick Road.

TOP SINGLES: **Crocodile Rock, Don't go Breaking My Heart.**

Apart from being host of the national Take 40 Australia show I'm also programme manager for FOX FM in Melbourne, and it was in that capacity that I visited America to attend a series of radio conferences where people involved in the broadcasting industry discuss the latest trends and developments.

Of course, talking radio isn't all I did while I was in America. I also took the opportunity to catch some of the performers who are coming our way in Australia during the coming weeks. Wait till you see Elton and Genesis! They're well worth the ticket price.

Looking at Australia from the American perspective you really appreciate just how much we're part of the international music scene. The stars put Australia right up near the top of their lists every time they're working out their tour schedules. And of course our own bands like INXS, Icehouse, The Models and so on, are very much part of the world music scene these days.

They might just as well have come from New York or London than Melbourne or Sydney.

See you back with the hits on Take 40 Australia,
Barry

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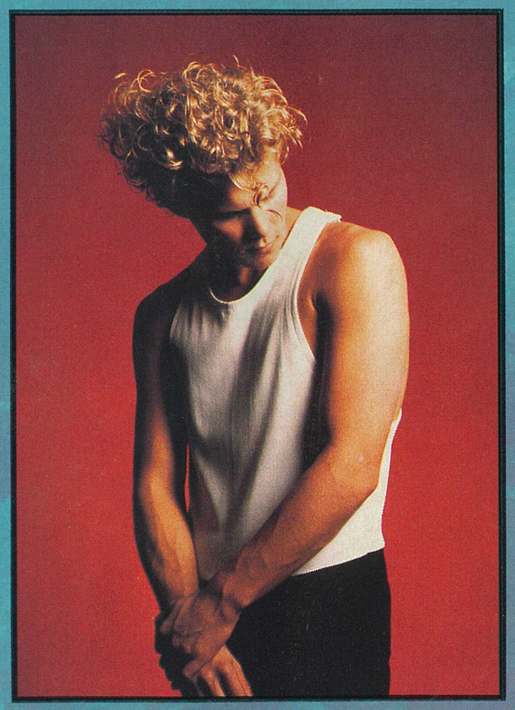
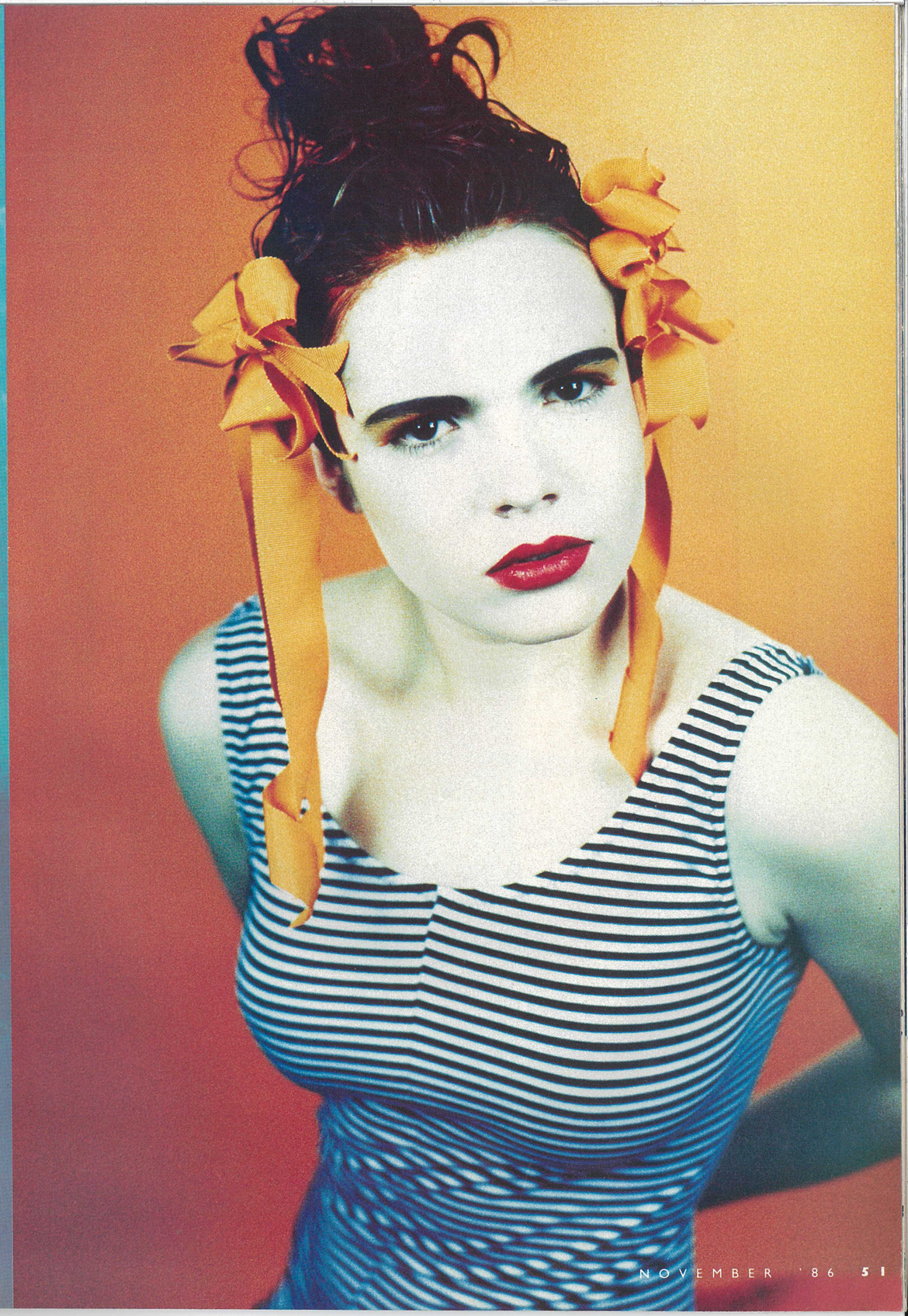
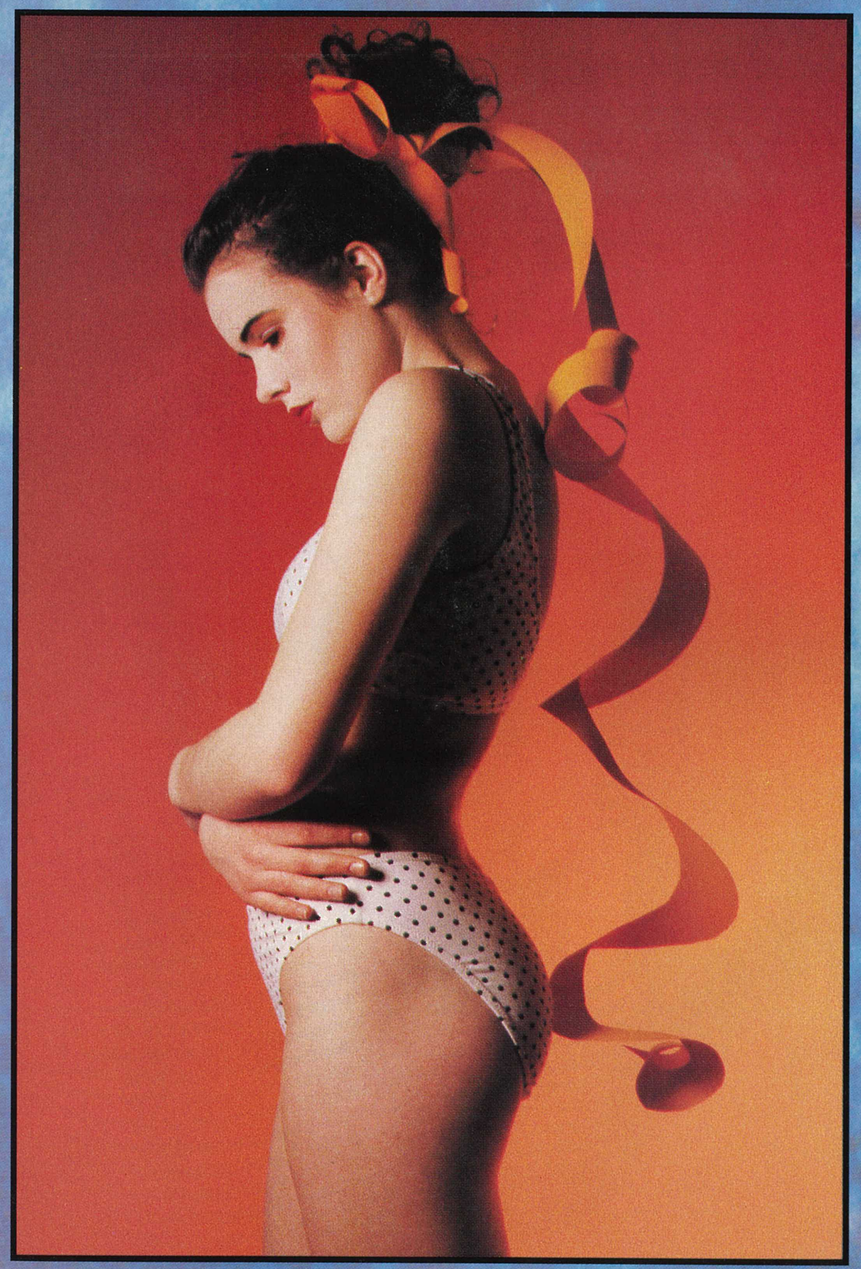


Take a tank-top or singlet to the beach this year for swimming or just sitting in.

One-piece bathing costume by Peter Morrissey and Leona Edmiston.

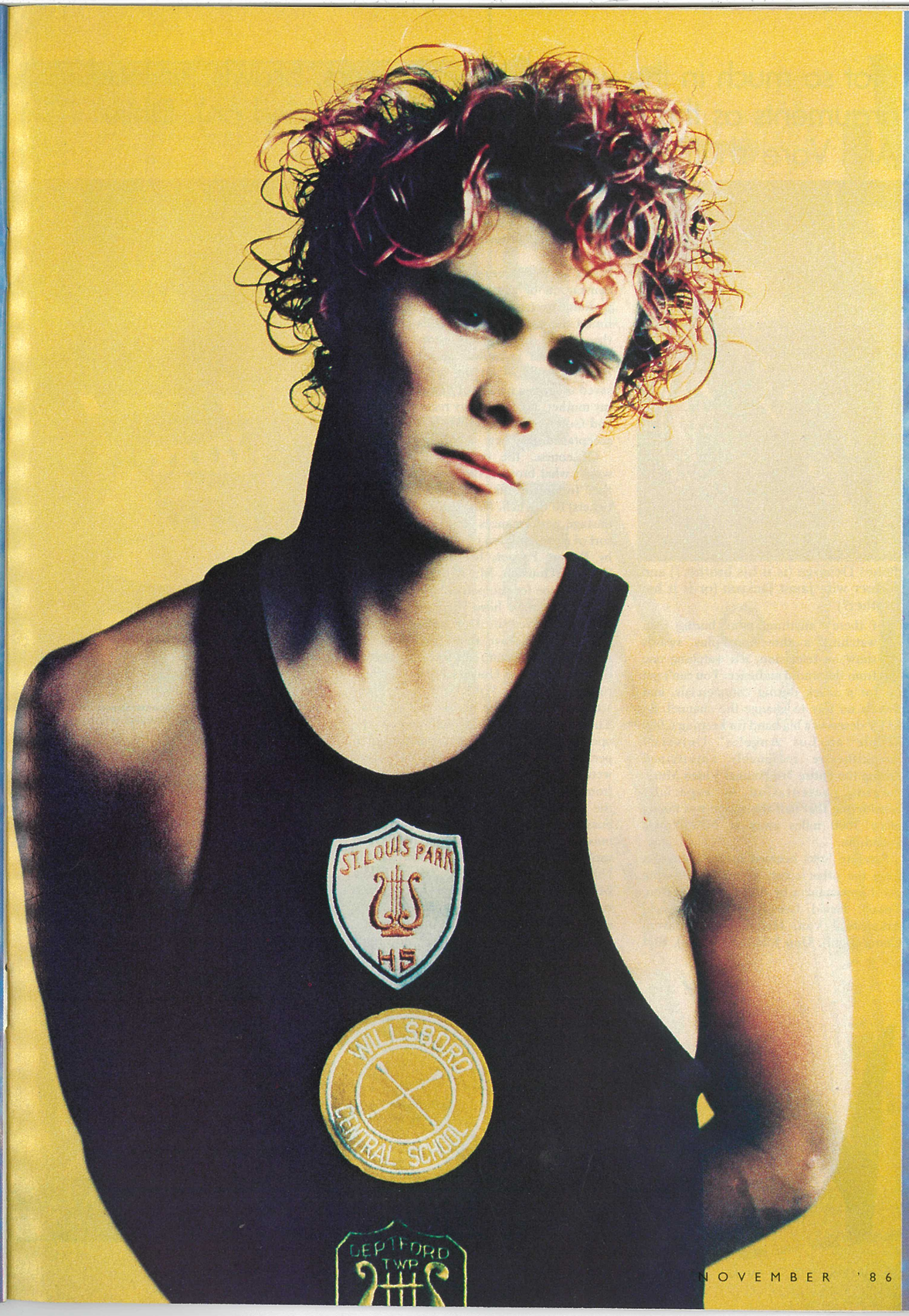
Striped one-piece by Jets





Photography: Martyn Thompson. Styling: Jason Brunsdon. Hair and make-up: Mara. Models: Tim and Francesca.

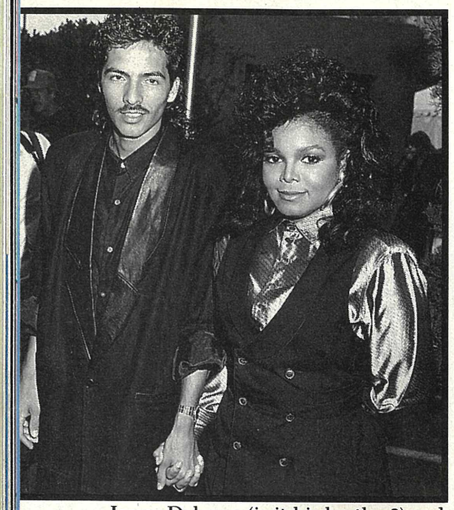
Polka-dot bikini by Jets



Cover your singlet with badges from disposal stores

MTV Videotic

Not so much in the way of juicy disasters, brawls, or loud arguments as the MTV Awards rolled on (and on). Ethlie Ann Vare shuffles in her seat . . .



James Debarge (is it his brother?) and former wife Janet Jackson (or is it her brother?)

If there's anything more boring than watching a three-hours-plus awards show on television, it's watching one from the studio audience. You can't get up for a snack during commercials, and there's no way to change the channel. So MTV deserves a big hand for keeping 6,000 people at Los Angeles' Universal Amphitheatre reasonably entertained during the entire 3rd Annual Video Music Awards presentation — especially considering that half the action was taking place 3000 miles away at New York's Palladium.

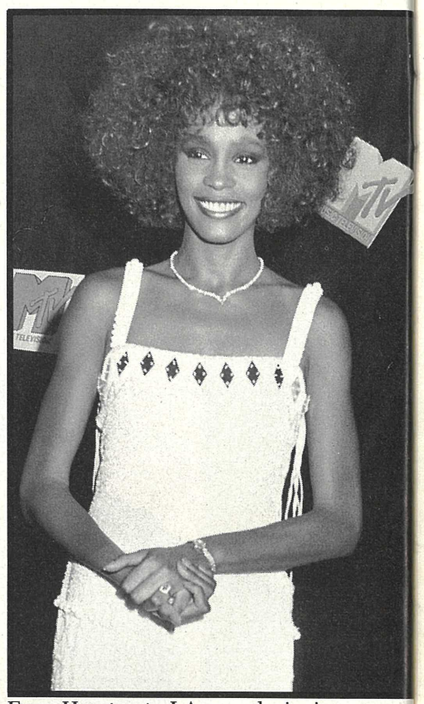
Satellite links beamed in the goings-on from the other coast, as well as allowing guest appearances by A-ha (from Houston, Texas), David Lee Roth (Little Rock, Arkansas), Van Halen (New Haven, Connecticut), Don Johnson (Miami), Rod Stewart (Rotterdam) and Genesis (London). And we were spared the ordeal of commercials, receiving an audio feed of '50s classics instead of the Budweiser theme.

MTV producers abandoned the convention of presenting awards from a podium onstage; instead, video jockeys found the winners conveniently placed in the crowd (belying any claim that the outcome was unknown) and interviewed them — badly — on the spot. Still, that saved us from a parade of "I want to thank my mother, my father, my record company and God — not necessarily in that order" acceptance speeches.

Of course, the results of the voting wasn't what brought the industry VIPs (or the "Just plain folks" who got to buy $50 tickets) to the hall. Nor, really, was it brief onstage performances — not exactly live, sort of a combination of people and tape — by Robert Palmer, the Pet Shop Boys, Whitney Houston, Mr. Mister and INXS. People came for the party.

The Grammys have their party at the swanky Bonaventure Hotel; the American Music Awards have theirs at the Shrine Auditorium ballroom. MTV has its party in the middle of the Universal Studios Tour, right between the Wild West Stunt Show arena and Conan the Barbarian's stadium. Thousands of guests milled around the open-air plaza, as hordes of gawkers tried to peek in over the bushes. Not that there were that many celebrities to spy: aside from the artists already accounted for by the onstage proceedings, the guest list boasted mostly local rockers looking to move up the ladder. Shaking hands and smiling profusely were Ratt, Guiffria, the Unforgiven, Device, Billy Zoom, Eddie Money, Earl Slick and dozens who seemed convinced of their own importance — and wondered why nobody else noticed.

There were no brawls, no loud arguments, no juicy disasters to report. The most newsworthy aspect of the whole event, really, is that this was the first year MTV ever bothered to include Los Angeles in their annual bash. Before, the network liked to pretend that the West Coast didn't exist — or, at least, didn't matter very much. With a ratings war on their hands and advertiser dollars getting tighter all the time, MTV seems to be wooing all the friends it can get. And that's just fine with us locals.



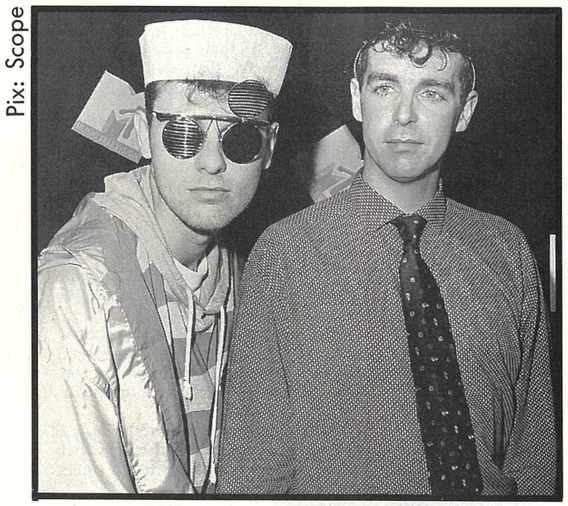
From Houston to LA: award-winning Whitney backstage.

THE WINNERS

Video of the Year: Dire Straits, **Money for Nothing**
Best Male Video: Robert Palmer, **Addicted to Love**
Best Female Video: Whitney Houston, **How Will I Know?**
Best Concept Video: A-ha, **Take On Me**
Best Group Video: Dire Straits, **Money for Nothing**
Best Stage Performance in a Video: Tina Turner and Bryan Adams, **It's Only Love**
Best New Artist Video: A-ha, **Take On Me**
Best Overall Performance in a Video: David Bowie and Mick Jagger, **Dancing in the Streets**
Viewers Choice Award: A-ha, **Take On Me**

Aside from a nod to ZZ Top (Best Art Direction) and Prince (best choreography), all the technical awards went to A-ha's **Take On Me:** special effects, cinematography, editing, direction, and "most experimental". (We'll save you some time: A-ha won 8 awards in all.)

Pix: Scope



The Pet Shop Boys cast a stern eye over the goings-on in Los Angeles.

Comedian Robin Williams expresses great excitement over INXS' live performance.

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SWITCH WATCH

'I THOUGHT I LOOKED GREAT . . . AT THE TIME'

Six-inch platform boots, seven-inch fluorescent pink mohicans and skin-tight sequinned cat suits, are just some of the more noticeable landmarks in music's fashion-rich history. Noticeable now more than ever, because they don't quite stand the test of time. In other words, you die laughing every time an archive photo of say, Gary Glitter surfaces, or even cringe with embarrassment at the memory of the time *you* succumbed. What was cool and trendy then, has a habit of becoming less so in retrospect.

With this in mind, **URSULA KENNY** asked a selection of pop people to own up to fashion disasters they had personally known and now managed to laugh at. And, while they were about it, to give us their nominations for the best and worst dressed bands. Sigue Sigue Sputnik did rather well. We'll leave it up to you to guess in which category . . .

Gary Glitter, glam guru dressed to excess.

THE JOHNNY'S

Johnny's bass player Graham Hood reckons the worst outfit he's ever worn had the audacity to match:

"I made the mistake of wearing this nice, neat suit for one of our concerts. It just looked far too good. But, by the end of the evening, when I'd ripped up the arm-pits and the pockets, it felt fine.

"Another time I wore a ski mask with holes for my eyes and nose, onstage. That was pretty stupid because it drove the crowd mad and one girl even jumped at me and ripped it off my face."

Best dressed group in Graham's book are Pete Best's Beatles.

"Because of their purple suits and cabaret jackets, that clash with the green back-drops they use."

And the worst?

"It just has to be Sigue Sigue Sputnik, who overdress and look fairly stupid for it. They must spend a fortune on hair gel."

VENETIANS

This *is* going back a bit now, but in 1971, Venetians lead singer Rick Swinn owned a pair of platform boots. We know, because he told us.

"They were a really sick snakeskin pair, and I wore them purely because it was the fashionable thing to do. No, they weren't particularly comfortable, but that wasn't the point."

Platform boots are also pretty close to the hearts of Kiss, a band whom Rick thinks make a fine effort when it comes to "looking the part".

"They're a very well dressed band, because they dress to make money — it's a calculated thing and it works. I like the kind of stuff U2 wear as well; they wear those clothes all the time, not just on stage. It's a lifestyle. Also Robert Palmer really knows what suits him (Or what suits Bryan Ferry wethinks)."

And we're back to Sigue Sigue Sputnik again . . .

"They are tasteless and the way they look has no value whatsoever. I hate it, it's horrible."

PSEUDO ECHO

Pseudo Echo didn't exactly enter in to the spirit of things, and would only say that "We haven't really had any very memorable fashion disasters, although we were labelled a 'hairdresser band' for a while". Cowards. "The groups that we think dress the best are slick bands like Spandau Ballet and the worst are definitely Dr and the Medics."

GEISHA

Geisha got the wrong end of the stick when we mentioned disasters . . .

"Our biggest fashion disaster was definitely when we had all our clothes stolen from our tour van the last time we were in Sydney. It meant that we had to go out and buy completely new sets of things to wear. As for the best dressed band, it just has to be The Cramps. The worst we've ever encountered are The Flying Lizards."

STEPHEN CUMMINGS

"The biggest mistake I ever made with clothes was buying this very bright, light green suit," says Stephen Cummings.

"I didn't wear it very often because it made me look like an avocado.

"As far as other people go, I think Bryan Ferry is the best dressed person in music and Rodney Dangerfield is by far the worst."

GREG O'CONNOR

Greg O'Connor of Boom Crash Opera revealed that 17 was definitely not a good age for him clothes-wise.

"The worst thing I wore was a pair of flared denims with button-up flies. They were awful, but I went around thinking that I was being trendy and brave."

These days he thinks Boom Crash Opera are the best dressed band about ("but then I'm biased"), and he has a theory about music/image in general.

"I can't stand fashion without philosophy. Like punk was great when it first happened because it was a total lifestyle, but now you can buy a designer torn t-shirt in department stores. At the moment I quite like the way The Models look — it's unique and it suits them.

"One of the worst dressed bands has to be Spandau Ballet. When that latest video clip of their's comes on, I want to dive for the TV and turn it off. They're totally tacky."

THE REELS

Dave Mason from The Reels has no problems in recalling the most embarrassing stage his hair went through.

"For some reason I had checks shaven into my head. Then the squares were dyed black and the bald bits inbetween gold. I think I only did it because it was 1979, and in those days you did things like that. Anyway, after a short while I hated it; at first it had seemed pretty wild, but after two weeks I was just sick of it."

So how did it go down with the rest of the group?

"Well, John Boy our drummer (who happens to be here), puts it all down to my being 'a wacky young kid'."

And on to your nominations for the worst dressed group.

"What? You mean, besides us? Well, Dire Straits come a close second to us for being dags. Mind you there is an art to being a dag. There were also a couple of bands in the late '70s who were the pits image-wise. Scandal and U-Turn wore satin flares and all that gear with their dicks practically hanging out. Awful.

"One of our best dressed groups has to be Do Re Mi — the girls just appeal to me. And Uncanny X Men, although there's nobody *really* over the top these days."

THE GO-BETWEENS

Grant from the Go-Betweens recalls their "Christian Missionary" look as being a not very healthy stage image-wise.

"It was when we first started, about six or seven years ago, and I still don't know why we did it. The best dressed band for me still has to be The New York Dolls and there are no whys or wherefores needed. Worst dressed, as far as I'm concerned, is anyone who wears designer leather. Not for any particular reason — I just hate it."

THE COCKROACHES

"I must admit that when I was younger I had a pair of brown bell-bottomed flares," says a brave Paul Field from The Cockroaches.

"And unfortunately there are photos to prove it. No, there's no bloody way you can have one of them!"

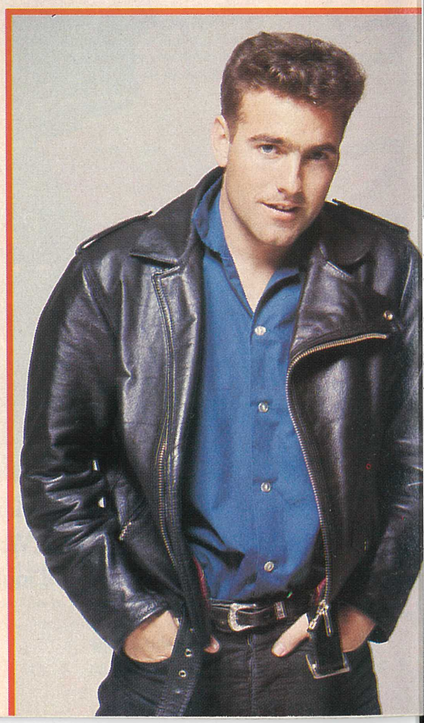
Almost as embarrassing was his ripped up T-shirt-punk-style stage.

"Just before I left school I used to rip holes in anything and stuff them with bits and pieces. Nowadays that's almost as bad as the flares."

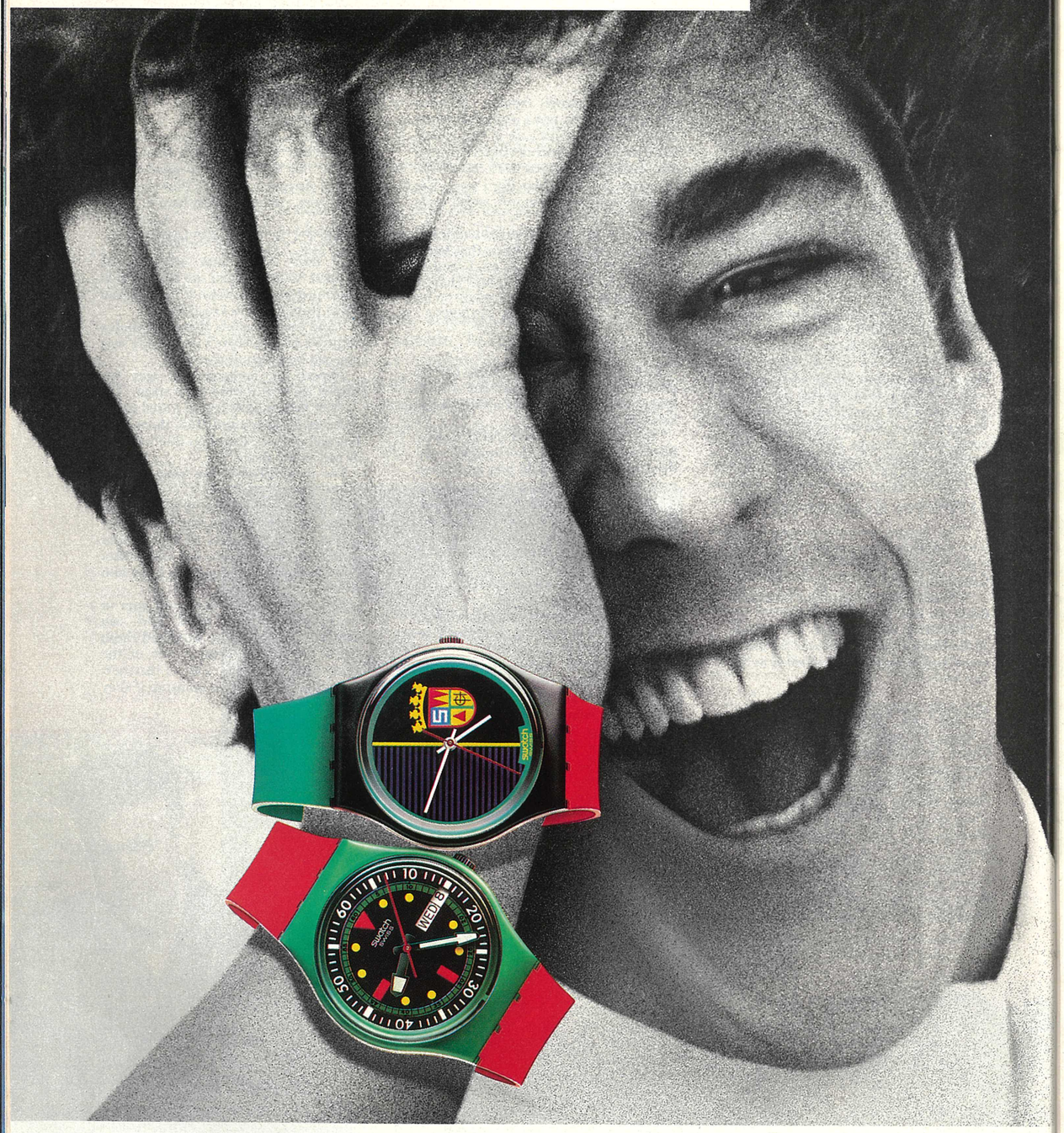
For Paul, Elvis is the king clothes-wise.

"Not in the '70s when he was wearing those white jump suits, but back in the '60s when he was into all that leather gear. He was *the* man for cool. Also, Steve Cummings looks good. I like him a lot."

A definite thumbs floorward goes to "any heavy metal band you can mention. All that long hair, and those tights! David Lee Roth is one of the worst offenders, especially in that new video clip. It would be amusing if they didn't mean it."



I'VE GOT MY NEW SWATCH



Choose yourself a SWATCH from the exciting new range of models. In every colour you can imagine. In the look you'll simply love. Water-resistant, shock-resistant and quartz precise. For $60.* And all so wild, it'll make your head spin.

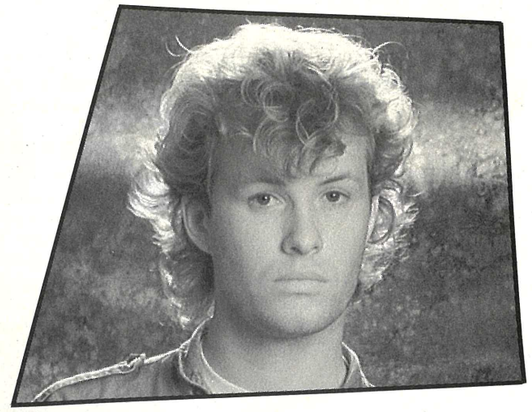
swatch®

*Recommended retail selling price
SWAT0037

SWATCH. THE NEW WAVE IN SWISS WATCHES.

Stars

MARILYN	November 3	1962
SEAN KELLY (MODELS)	November 9	1958
IAN CRAIG MARSH (HEAVEN 17)	November 11	1956
PRINCE CHARLES	November 14	1948
JOHN KIRK (UNCANNY X-MEN)	November 15	1957
SHARON O'NEILL	November 23	1952
TINA TURNER	November 26	1940
JIMI HENDRIX	November 27	1942
CHARLES BURCHILL (SIMPLE MINDS)	November 27	1959
BILLY IDOL	November 30	1955



Birthday boy Mags Furuholmen (November 1 1962) "November brings a touch of intrigue and romantic excitement . . ."

SCORPIO (Oct 24-Nov 22)
HAPPY BIRTHDAY

November brings a touch of intrigue and romantic excitement to your life. Things will certainly not be dull! You're likely to experience an intense single-mindedness, and a drive that will see you throw yourself into whatever takes your fancy. Watch out not to employ overkill tactics — others may not share your passionate fervour, and spare a thought for your partner or friends — they may be having quite a hard time.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 23-Dec 21)

You could decide on impulse to take your holidays a little early — you'll probably be feeling the need for a break. Your normal high energy may have slowed down momentarily; adjust your daily demands accordingly — do only what you feel comfortable with and take time for your inner needs. Maybe just sitting quietly in some nice spot or a refreshing walk along your favourite beach is all you need to feel human again . . .

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 20)

Capricorns — a little faith will go a long way this month. You could feel impatience or frustration with little things going wrong, plans backfiring. But take a closer look, and you'll find interesting solutions to what first seemed to be insurmountable obstacles. Your friendships may develop quite a strong emotional quality and you'll feel helpless to resist any loving overtures made in your direction. Go on, enjoy it — show people your soft centre!!

AQUARIUS (Jan 21-Feb 19)

You could use that famous Aquarian independence when the going gets tough. As things start to hot up on the career front, you must remember not to push too hard to get what you want. It's all happening pretty dramatically anyway — don't panic! A gentle, subtle approach is best, rather than losing friends in your rush. Be particularly aware of this around the 6th, when you could be held accountable for your actions . . .

PISCES (Feb 20-March 20)

Your travel plans could get delayed in the first three weeks of November — don't try and get everything done just yet. If there are communications hassles — give up and find a telepathic alternative — you can do it!! Towards the end of the month, you'll find yourself wondering what the problem was, as everything will suddenly unblock and become very easy . . . Maybe you will have learnt some helpful lessons in assertiveness training by then!

ARIES (March 21-April 20)

An emotional relationship may take up rather a lot of your time this month, Aries — you could have some sorting out to do. Whatever feelings exist between you and the other person may seem to be intensified — so that if it is positive, you'll feel absolutely head over heels, and if there's trouble you'll feel totally consumed by your emotions. You could take another look at your commitment — maybe make a few changes.

TAURUS (April 21-May 21)

Taureans, take care that your workload doesn't interfere too much with your close relationships. That driving ambition, no matter how admirable, will only serve to make you successful and lonely in the end, if followed to the extremes you're capable of! Drop the practical, logical approach in matters of the heart — let your gentle, loving nature take over. Far better to tread softly initially than to pick up the bits later.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)

Working alone will probably be easiest in November, Geminis, for various reasons . . . You may find it exceedingly difficult to backtrack enough to explain your thoughts and movements, so that co-operation seems nearly impossible! Chaos and confusion may haunt your efforts to concentrate or organise yourself — yet if you take a little extra time to get into the swing of a routine, you'll be able to calm down and function very efficiently.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)

Take steps not to wear your sensitivity on the outside, Cancerians, or you will be battered by everyone you come in contact with. You may be bombarded by all sorts of weird premonitions and deja-vu experiences but try not to let them worry you. You'll find some wonderful ideas in those dreams and visions, and discover a creative genius you never knew existed. Enjoy it — there's romance in the air and magic at your fingertips . . .

LEO (July 23-August 23)

Direct your attentions homeward this month, Leos. If there are a few minor domestic hassles, take this as your indicator that you have been neglecting that important private world of yours. Let your home become your haven once more, put your feet up and bask in the comfort and familiarity — it'll be the nicest place on earth just now! Your current romance may provide some very revealing reflections for you to see yourself.

VIRGO (August 24-September 23)

A strong emotional involvement with someone or something may force you to re-evaluate your attitudes and beliefs. You could find yourself in a situation you always swore wouldn't happen and now you have to deal with it. Don't judge yourself harshly, it is obviously a necessary experience, forgive yourself! Be alert to minor mechanical troubles — breakdowns are possible through lack of attention, phones out of order and mail delays are quite possible.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23)

Stop and take a look around . . . Have you surrounded yourself with treasured possessions?? You may be going through a preoccupation with material security, so before it drives you and everyone else crazy — have a closer look at the reasons. Perhaps you feel a need for security on a more personal level and this is the most automatic outlet . . . Just by questioning these things you will be able to reach some valuable self acknowledgement . . .

HOLIDAY JOBS

If Christmas is coming, and your goose is getting thinner, then it's time to start thinking of different ways to line your pocket with something other than sticky, grey fluffy stuff.

Australian youth is supposed to have the largest "disposable" income in the world. That means: while you don't have as much money as everyone in the world, you guys apparently spend every penny you earn, which are a great for record companies, magazines, lolly factories, the clothing industry and Australia in general, but pretty lousy for you . . . you must be fairly broke by now.

The school holidays are a great time to try to get some extra money. Now is the best time to start applying because, although most places take people on for the holiday rush, they like to hire them beforehand.

Illustration: Ikuko

PERMITS

Before the age of 15, you need a permit to work full-time. Although this applies more to leaving school for full-time work, you'll find that most traditional work places will think you are too young if you're under 15.

To find out more about these work permits, ring the Youth and Community Services Department (in the "State" section of your phone book).

AWARD WAGES:

An award wage is the bare minimum you can earn for your job according to your age. These amounts have been carefully worked out by unions, government departments and employers and are indexed to inflation (they go up when inflation goes up). Once you've secured a job, look up "Awards" in the "State" section of your phone book, and they'll tell you what the job should pay for your age.

INSURANCE:

Make sure you are insured by your employer. It is the responsibility of the employer, and most reputable places know that, but it's always good to ask.

TAXES:

You have to pay taxes at the adult rate (but the adult rate is a little less for low income earners, which will be you, if you are young and unskilled).

It's the job of the employer to deduct tax, but you must receive an official receipt saying the taxes were paid. It will usually be inside the pay packet.

CONTRACTS:

Contracts are a normal part of being employed. Don't sign anything without first having an adult read it. If possible, take the contract away so you can read it quietly and without pressure. Make sure you understand what you're signing.

Tips on boosting your summer cash flow, from Sheridan Jobbins.

INDUSTRIAL MACHINERY:

By law, if you are under 15, you are not allowed to use industrial machinery. This means, if you are younger, the type of money-raising jobs you might need will probably be in sales, cleaning or the storeroom.

CHILD LABOUR:

Child labour is defined as work which is done for below-the-award-wages by a minor, and it's against the law. For example, in a small backyard factory, you might be asked to help with the packaging for a token amount. You should ring the awards people to make sure you are being paid properly.

FAST FOOD CHAINS:

McDonald's is one of the largest employers of young people in the world, and they take on extra staff to feed us all through summer.

Employer relations manager Julie Emery suggests you contact them before the holidays begin so you can finish your training before the holiday rush.

Wages are according to your age: 15 years — $3.15/hour, 16 years — $3.94/hour, 17 years — $4.74/hour and 18 years — $5.52/hour. Before 8am and after 10pm there is an award penalty of time and a half. There is also a weekend rate and holiday pay, which is 1/12th of the hourly rate.

Julie Emery had some tips on how to get the job: "We have an interview for the job; it's important to us that the applicant is well presented, has some fundamental maths and some common sense. We'll probably ask a few seemingly silly questions. That's to check that the applicant has common sense."

Remember, McDonald's aren't the only ones who take on summer staff. There's also Kentucky Fried Chicken, Pizza Hut, Big Red Rooster and so on.

If there is one near you, go there neatly dressed, and ask to speak with the manager. If there isn't one very near, ring the head office (find the number in the phone book) and make an appointment to speak with the personnel manager.

SHOPS AND DEPARTMENT STORES:

Again, the bigger they are, the more personnel they'll be taking on for summer.

There are lots of positions available for unskilled labourers, shop assistants, cash register operators, storemen and packers, store guides etc.

There are dramatic differences from job to job and age to age so ask when you apply.

Most department stores supply in-house training and are particularly good for gaining skills with cash registers, office systems, sales etc.

Department stores to apply to include Grace Bros, Woolworths, Franklins, Myers. Again, ask to speak with the personnel manager and find out what vacancies are available.

DOMESTIC DUTIES:

There are businesses which specialise in domestic duties — cleaning, baby-sitting, house-minding etc.

Most agencies specialising in this work require you to be 18 years or over and to have your own car, which excludes lots of students. They charge $4 an hour for babysitting, and $7 an hour for cleaning.

Keeping that in mind, you can offer your services around your family and family friends. One young man, John Connor (13), got his dad to type up and photocopy his notices for work (he offers to wash cars and tend gardens for $3 an hour) and then got his dad to post them around the office.

This is a great idea for two reasons. Firstly, he is working for people his dad knows or can check up on, and secondly the production costs are kept to a minimum.

"I didn't get a lot of work, but I did get a couple of cars to do and now they're regular customers so I can make about $12 a week for a day's work — mum and dad lend me the vacuum cleaner and cleaning stuff."

GARAGE SALE:

Why not arrange a big tidyup around the house, throw out all those things you've been meaning to throw out. Do a trade with your mum or dad. Help them clean up in return for being allowed to sell whatever they don't want.

It's often a good idea to take out an ad in your local paper saying that the garage sale will be on, and to make colourful signs that you can stick on telegraph poles or in the local shops.

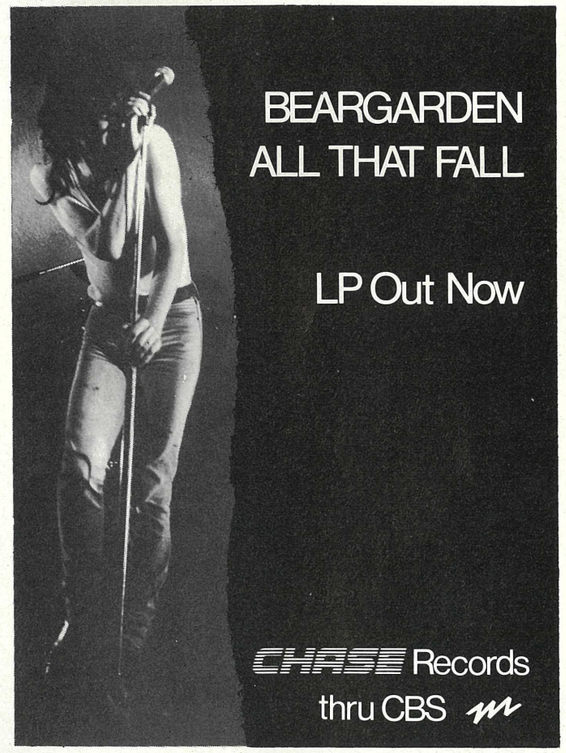
Some local councils frown on this practice. You'll have to ring your council (in the local government section of your phone book) and ask them for information.

ALUMINIUM CANS:

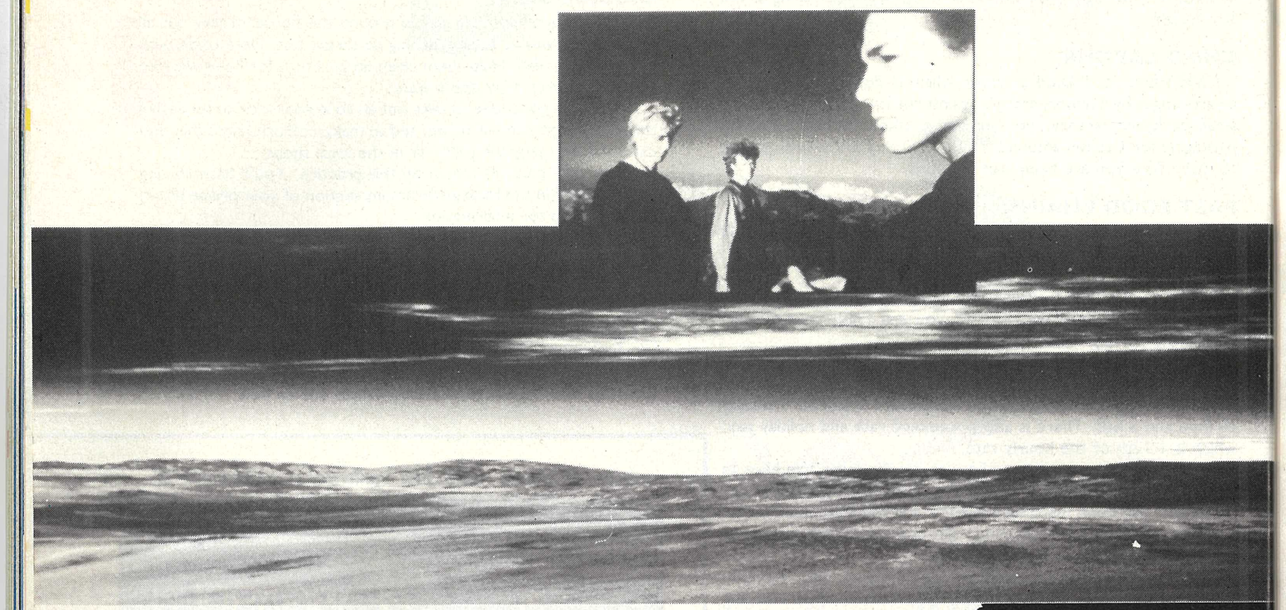
While this is not strictly a job, it's a good way of raising money if you're broke.

Comalco Alcan runs a recycling business where they pay 60c a kilo for empty cans (about 52 cans/kilo).

Usually the can returning centres are open on Saturdays. Ring Comalco and they'll tell you the nearest one to you.



a-ha Scoundrel Days



THE NEW ALBUM FEATURING

i've been losing you

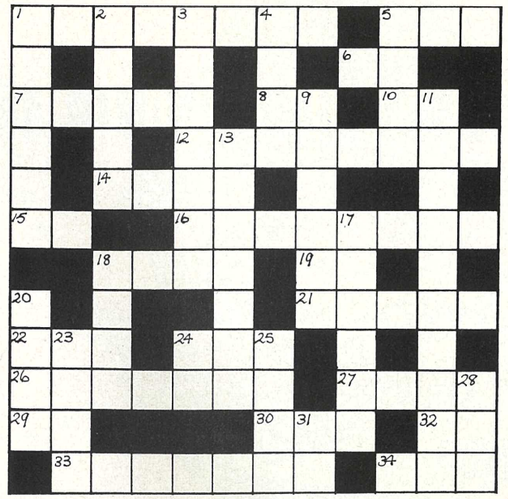
RECORD, CASSETTE & SOON ON CD

Marketed by WEA Records Pty. Limited. A Warner Communications Company

Star Cross

ACROSS
1. Describes the Johnnys' heart (8)
2. Scribble's art (3)
6. V-Capri spends nights and days in which State? (abbrev, 2)
7. Old language quarter (5)
8. One of the DeBarge bunch (2)
10. Band minus 40 has rats in its kitchen? (2)
12. John Justin had a flash one? (8)
14. A pet shop Tennant (4)
14. 12 Days — Paris (Huxton Creepers) (2)
16. US screen favourite — Lampoon (8)
18. What a band aims to do on the dotted line (4)
18. Shooz you can't wait for (2)
21. Boom Crash Opera's wall (5)
22. Find him in 10 Across (3)
24. Mags' and Morten's mate (3)
26. Sinitta's description (2, 5)
27. The Michael/Ridgeley team (4)
29. Fleetwood Mac's bella donna (init, 2)
30. Maybe Sammy Hagar would load up in this vehicle (3)
32. Take — Home Tonight (Eddie Money) (2)
33. From Genesis to success in anyone's eyes (surname, 7)
34. I'm talking about the singer whose word is holy (3)

DOWN
1. A dance to fight for at Spandau (6)
2. Who Reggie Dwight tours Oz as (5)
3. What Lionel's doing on the ceiling (7)
4. All I — Is A Miracle (Mike and the Mechanics) (4)
5. What name do Young, King and Kelly share? (4)
9. Cliff Richard's kind of doll (6)
11. Shocking Blue's Venus bore fruit for which trio? (10)
13. A Thompson Twin (7)
17. Sing — — Song (UB40) (3,3)
18. Britt's Jim (4)
20. Instrument Sting played with Police (4)
23. Paul Kelly will find success Before Too — (4)
24. Genesis drummer who requires no jacket (init, 2)
25. Steve Winwood aimed for a higher one (4)
28. Dragon dreams of the ordinary kind (3)
31. — Jarreau (2)



ACROSS: 1 Cyndi Lauper. 2 No. 8 Oz. 10 Ross. 11 Madonna. 13 Wave. 14 Yeah. 15 LA (Laurie Anderson). 17 SM (Sandy Marton). 19 Loggins. 22 Laura. 25 Ringo. 26 Edge. 27 Dog. 28 Love. 30 Sly. 31 Cry. 32 Angus. 34 Go. 36 Don (Henley). 38 (Rod) Stewart. 39 Of.
DOWN: 1 (Belinda) Carlisle. 2 Nasty. 3 Limahl. 4 Underground. 5 Poo. 6 Ron (Wood, the Rolling Stones). 9 Zan. 12 AV (Amanda Vincent). 13 WA. 15 Lin (Buckfield). 16 Angels. 18. Mad. 20 Gig. 21 So. 23 Ugly. 24 REO. 29 (Suzanne) Vega. 30 Sun. 31 Cos. 33 God. 35 Or. 37 If.

Have Your *Say*

"Perfect" looks

A subject that has bugged me for quite a while is having a perfect body and looks, and the emphasis placed on an individual to look ''perfect''.

Sure, we'd all like to be good-looking, with muscles, but unfortunately that's not the case.

For us unfortunate people, we plod along trying to look good, but it's hard to get rid of a face you've been born with, that's considered ''ugly''. So what if we're not strikingly attractive?

Does that mean we ourselves are not worth knowing?

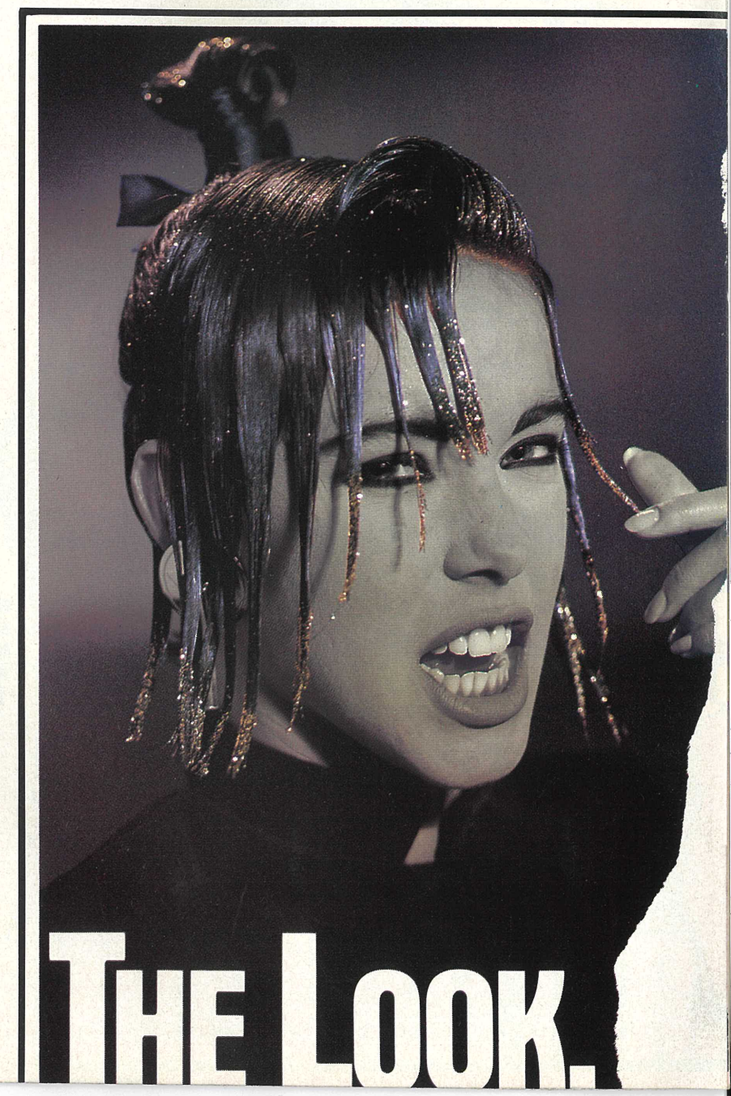
A few years ago I was overweight and ugly. I could count my real friends on one hand. Some people didn't like me because I was fat and unattractive.

I am no longer fat and have lost some of my ugliness. And what do I find? I have more friends, AND the people who wouldn't talk to me before now do! Why? I'm still the same person now that I was a few years ago, I just look different. Why should it change?

I know some people who get stared at and persecuted because they dress differently or they're unattractive or they can't afford expensive clothes, but they are some of the kindest and most caring people I've met.

Remember, looks are only skin deep. It's the person inside who counts. So before you abuse or make fun of someone in the street or at school, think again. They don't deserve it, so find out what they're like before you start ridiculing.

D. Hogan, NSW



LOTS OF GOODIES TO GO!

HEAVY METAL HOUNDS

Picture two of your favourite heavy metal bands on two highly original picture discs. There are five duo packs to be won — GTR's **When The Heart Rules the Head'** and the latest from Status Quo **Rollin Home.** Fill out your name and address, cut out this segment and post it to Heavy Metal Hounds.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
..... STATE ..... POSTCODE .....

ABSOLUTELY A MUST

You absolutely must see the Eurogliders and you can by winning one of 10 **Absolutely** videos. Watch the guys and girls perform their biggies — **Another Day In The Big World, Heaven, We Will Together, City of Soul** and more. Fill out your name and address, cut out this segment and post it to: Absolutely A Must.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
..... STATE ..... POSTCODE .....

WHAM! FANTASTIC!

Countdown Magazine has 10 Wham! music videos to give away. Called **Foreign Skies — Wham! In China,** the 60-minute video includes exciting live performances of some of Wham!'s biggest hits such as **Everything She Wants** and **Careless Whisper,** taking you on their successful tour of China. Fill out your name and address, cut out this segment and post it to: Wham! Fantastic!

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
..... STATE ..... POSTCODE .....

Entries close November 30, 1986. Entry is by coupon only. Envelopes must be marked with the correct title — e.g. Wham! Fantastic! c/- Countdown Magazine, P.O. Box 600, Waterloo, NSW 2017. Envelopes marked incorrectly will not be considered. Good Luck!

DANGEROUS STUFF!

Watch out if you want to win a Johnny's pack. There are five packs to be won and each one contains a personally autographed copy of their **Highlights of a Dangerous Life** album, a set of five Johnny's postcards and a Johnny's mobile. But you'll have to be fast on the draw. Fill out your name and address, cut out this segment and post it to: Dangerous Stuff!.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
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STATE .... POSTCODE ....

TALKS LIKE A BUTTERFLY

We have 10 truly amazing (Oh no, here we go again — Ed) butterfly shaped picture discs from Talk Talk for you to win, featuring "Living In Another World". These discs will certainly be a "talking point" for Talk Talk fans. Fill out your name and address, cut out this segment and post it to: Talks Like a Butterfly.

NAME .....
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..... STATE ..... POSTCODE .....

DO YA WANNA WIN ONE?

Samantha Fox has just released a picture disc single titled Do Ya Do Ya (Wanna Please Me) and here's your chance to win one of the three we have to give away. Fill out your name and address, cut out this segment and post it to: Do Ya Wanna Win?

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
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GONE WEST

We've been hunting and have come up with a double-whammy for Go West fans — their self-titled and personally autographed album and the **Bangs and Crashes** 12" mix album. There are six packs to be won so hurry and fill out the coupon. Tell us your name and address, cut out this segment and post it to: Gone West.

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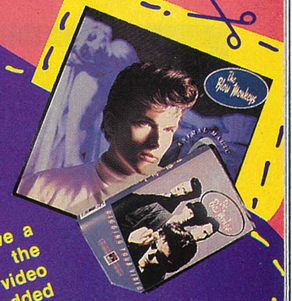
BLOW OUT!



Five lucky winners will receive a copy of **Animal Magic** by the Blow Monkeys and their video **Digging Your Video** as an added bonus. As well, five lucky runners-up will receive a copy of the album. Fill out your name and address, cut out this segment and post it to: Blow Out.

NAME .....
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SJP236/86 USPNeedham

SO YOU DON'T WANT TO BE A POP STAR, BUT WANT TO WORK IN MUSIC SOMEHOW? CHRISSIE CAMP LOOKS AT FIVE WOMEN IN VARIOUS OFF-STAGE ACTIVITIES.

PAULA JONES ROADIE/SOUND MIXER

"I was always the one at gigs standing by the mixing desk hassling them to know what was going on. I bluffed my way to work with my first band through a friend of a friend in Adelaide. Thank God the soundman who was leaving was there to set up the microphones 'cos I didn't have a clue."

But Paula, 21, had been to enough gigs to have "good ears" and soon had work with bands such as The Bushwackers, Ignatius Jones' Arms and Legs and The Allniters as a sound mixer/roadie.

"It is such a male dominated industry on the road, that there are very few girls in road crews here. My mum's not thrilled about her daughter being a roadie, and it's a bit of a shock if I'm working with a new crew when they see me come out with gloves on ready to lift the first box.

"I'm only 5'3" but there's only a certain amount of things I can't lift.

"Also I think people respond to you by your own attitude. The only people who have been patronising or condescending to me to have been the young bands who haven't the experience or knowledge to know how important their crew is for them.

"If I started to think that I wasn't getting work because I was a girl, I'd give it away now."

Paula's life is ruled by a 'worksheet' given by the booking agency to the crew with details of that week's concerts, when they can load in — and, of course, out! Yes, long after the crowds have gone, as Jackson Browne once crooned, the equipment has to be dismantled, packed away and transported to the next concert, in the wee small morning hours.

Working permanently for a band could give Paula a wage of anything from $75 to $300 for a week's work of anything between 50 and 100 hours, or she could be hired for just one day's casual work, for around $50.

"I keep it up because I'm reasonably good at it, I think. Some people might like to sit in a nice office, but my job is never boring," she says. "The respect and the relationship between a good crew and their band is something special. They know the better we are, the better they are.

"The hours can be pretty demoralising sometimes so you look a bit haggard, but good gigs make it all worthwhile." And yes, she says, things like skin care routines can still be maintained!

Paula sees the past three years as an apprenticeship to mixing live sound for really top gigs, and eventually to producing in a studio.

"People have a very negative view of road crews. It's changed a lot in the past 10 years. We're not furniture removalists and the scungy image doesn't fit so much now. There's a lot more intelligence and technology.

"You can't keep up if you're not really together."

CAROLE GRANT CAROLYN FIENBERG CATERERS

The elaborate food and drink "riders" that international bands request for their tours are always good for a bit of publicity, but who ever spares a though for the work that goes into carrying them out?

Carole Grant and Carolyn Fienberg, known in the industry as The Avocado Pairs, are the girls who cook for the stars. From Springsteen to Paul Young, Tina Turner, Stevie Wonder and Tears For Fears, almost every top tour in the past four years has had its stomach looked after by the two girls.

But that doesn't just mean the band. It means their wives and girlfriends, the crews, promoter's guests, and sometimes record company and media too!

"The first day of tour when the crew is setting up the equipment is about 18 hours work for us," Carolyn explained, putting the first damper on starstruck ideas of intimate tete-a-tete dinners. "It starts with a hot breakfast for about 20 or 30 people, then the same number for lunch, when we serve soup, sandwiches and a smorgasbord. Then the band come in mid-afternoon for the soundcheck and they may have something light, then there's the evening meal about 6pm for the band and crew and that's two or three courses. Oh, we supply all the drink too." Phew!

"After that it's just evening meals," Carole said, "but we spend days in advance getting all the food from the wholesalers and suppliers, planning the menus, organising staff to help us, getting the cutlery and crockery ready and cooking some things in advance."

Plus the girls never know when some loony popstar will want some equally loony food. For example, Bruce Springsteen's band wanted pasta with a special tomato sauce to be available all day, Tina Turner wanted sliced turkey in her dressing room, but only the breast, health fanatic Barry Manilow demanded absolutely no fat in his meals, even in the roast chicken and potatoes, and Stevie Wonder, Spandau Ballet and Thompson Twins are among the growing number of vegetarians, and that can't just mean a salad every night.

"On the whole we try to do well presented, home cooked nutritious food, not so much gourmet stuff, but lots of fresh vegetables and fruits. That's what they need on a strenuous tour," Carole said.

Except in the case of Dire Straits!

"They'd been away a long time, and had terrible junk food catering in America, and all they wanted was good old-fashioned English food," Carole explained. "They wanted bangers and mash, shepherd's pie, fish and chips in batter, steak and kidney pie, that sort of thing."

"They didn't want to know about fillet steak," Carolyn laughed, "just sausages, sausages all the time, We were going mad by the end!"

David Bowie's tour was an equally wobbly job. Beside cooking the evening meal for 150 people, the promoter also requested a finger food cocktail party for 180 people!

"The truth about our job is that it is very long hours in preparation and serving. Unfortunately you don't get to see many concerts either because you're usually backstage with the food, but it's a great challenge to work under the pressure and get it all done," Carole said.

"We get home, order a dial-a-pizza and have a good giggle about it, that's the main thing," Carolyn said.

KATHY NAUNTON ASSISTANT RECORDING ENGINEER

"You start as the gofer. Y'know, go for the sandwiches, go for the mail, make coffee for everyone that comes in, put away all the leads and microphones and generally clean the studio ready for the next session. You're always the last to leave.

"Commercials, jingles, overdubs and one-offs are the studio's livelihood and they're normal days, but if there's an album project on, it's a minimum 12-hour day. The longest I've done is 48 hours straight, and for that you get $150 a week, regardless of the hours."

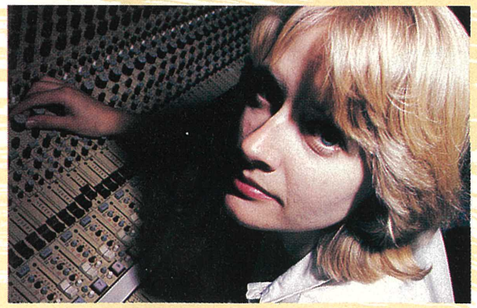
For Kathy, 22, a $1000, two-mornings-a-week course led to work experience and then a full-time job at Sydney's Paradise recording studios as an assistant engineer.

In between errands, her eager eyes were on the engineers and producers of the Divinyls and Gang Gajang albums, INXS, Tim Finn and Richard Clapton singles, and a pile of equipment manuals.

"I've wanted to work in a studio since I was 12," Kathy says, "when I got a set of headphones and I wondered why I could hear things in one ear and not in the other. You've got to have a sensitivity for the record, the desire to know how they got that spacey sound or the tight sound, to want to dissect it and know all about the ingredients that make it up.

"I've always been a record buff. Live concerts don't interest me."

Working in a top studio has given Kathy the chance to learn from the best artists and producers, even have a squizz at the odd visiting international star, but little chance for a young, inexperienced assistant engineer to do more than watch and keep the coffees coming. In a less prestigious studio, Kathy would have a much better opportunity to shape the sound of music, but the bands would be much more amateurish and the budget much smaller.



"The worst thing about the job is that you're 100% engulfed in it because of the odd, and usually long, hours. Your social life goes down the drain."

After a year at Paradise, Kathy recently joined Sydney's Alberts studio, where her pay, responsibility and studio equipment (boy oh boy, those technological toys!) will be a step up.

"My advice to someone who is genuinely interested in working in a studio is to just keep knocking on doors. Competition is fierce, so although it's not essential to do a course, it can help. One thing though, if you've got a phobia about knobs and buttons, forget it!"

ROBYN PICKERING MAKE-UP ARTIST

Interested in make-up? Want to travel the world? And with a rock star? Then Robyn Pickering probably has the kind of job you'd kill for.

Robyn, 26, is a professional make-up artist, predominantly in films. While working on **Merry Xmas Mr Lawrence** in New Zealand she met David Bowie, and next thing old green 'n' blue eyes asks her to help his regular make-up lady look after the 10 backing musicians and the extensive wardrobe on the **Serious Moonlight** world tour. Later the same producers hired her for Power Station's three-month US tour.

Sound glamorous? Well, er, actually, Robyn has a few home truths, for instance in the washing department!

"If you're in a hotel for a few days that's fine, but if you're leaving before the laundry service gets back, you have to go out in a foreign contry and lug the lot to a laundromat. There's two sets of all clothes,one working one dirty.

"Lots of things have to be hand-washed and that's at the end of a really long day. The Power Station guys all had silk shirts which I had to hand-wash every night. Most of the time they try to give me big rooms, because things like the coats and leathers have to hang up to dry off.

"So I'd have 10 sets of all these sweaty, smelly clothes hanging around my bedroom airing, and 10 pairs of men's shoes . . . pooh . . . I had the Chanel perfume out splashing everything. Believe me, it's not nice sleeping in a room that smells revolting!"

Come concert time, Robyn applies the make-up for the band, then takes up a strategic position side of stage ready to pack away the various costumes and accessories.

"Bowie had five semi-trailers full of gear, so the wardrobe trunk was one of the first ones on. I had to know what I could pack away by interval and the rest I had to take back to the hotel with me. It had to be very slickly organised," she said.

"It can be a very lonely and depressing sort of job too, because you're always travelling really quickly, you never get past the top layer of clothes in your suitcase, and because you're one of the few girls, you end up being a sort of tour mother too. And that tour was eight months, remember."

Money wise, Robyn was paid about US$300 per week for the Bowie tour, and US $800 for the Power Station tour, which she did by herself, plus a daily living allowance.

BEHIND THE SCENES

PEEK-A-BOO GUESS WHO

Last month our mystery rock shot was Prince.

This month we've got another mystery rock star to identify and another Kodak rock shots gift package worth more than $160 to give away.

The winner will receive a K6 Kodak camera — it's neat, compact and 35mm with built-in autoflash, fill-in flash for backlit subjects, auto wind-on, auto exposure and fixed focus. Our winner will also receive five rolls of Kodak film and poster print — a specially produced photographic enlargement of our monthly mystery rock star.

And each month FOUR runners-up will also receive a giant poster print.

All you have to do is identify who this month's mystery rock star is and then in 25 words or less tell us why you'd like to win a Kodak Rock Shots gift package. Fill in the coupon on this page and send it to Kodak Rock Shots No. 15, P.O. Box 600 Waterloo, NSW 2017. Entries close November 30, 1986. Remember to include the number of the competition — i.e. No. 15 with the address on the envelope.

Kodak K6 camera, 5 rolls of Kodak film and 5 poster prints to be won!

KODAK ROCK SHOTS COMPETITION

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
POSTCODE ..... STATE .....
The Mystery Rock Star is: .....
I'd like to win a Kodak Rock Shots package because .....
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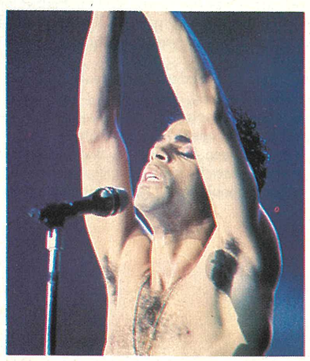
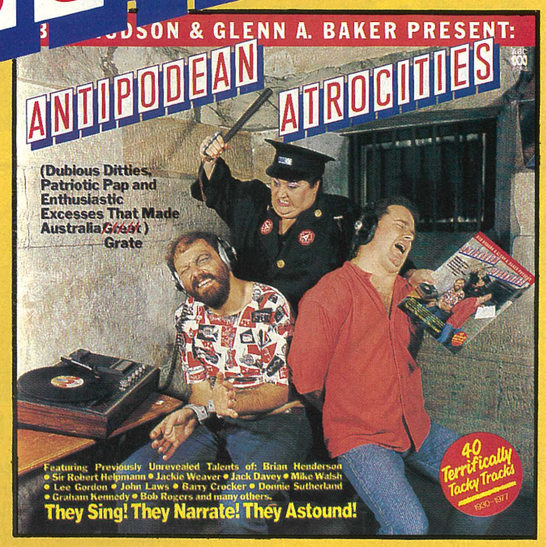


Last month's mystery rock star was Prince.

BOB HUDSON & GLENN A. BAKER PRESENT:

ANTIPODEAN ATROCITIES


BOB HUDSON & GLENN A. BAKER PRESENT:
ANTIPODEAN ATROCITIES
(Dubious Ditties, Patriotic Pap and Enthusiastic Excesses That Made Australia Great)
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40 Terrifically Tacky Tracks
1930–1977
Featuring Previously Unrevealed Talents of: Brian Henderson • Sir Robert Helpmann • Jackie Weaver • Jack Davey • Mike Walsh • Lee Gordon • John Laws • Barry Crocker • Donnie Sutherland • Graham Kennedy • Bob Rogers and many others.
They Sing! They Narrate! They Astound!

40 Terrifically Tacky Tracks 1930–1977

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They Sing! They Narrate! They Astound!

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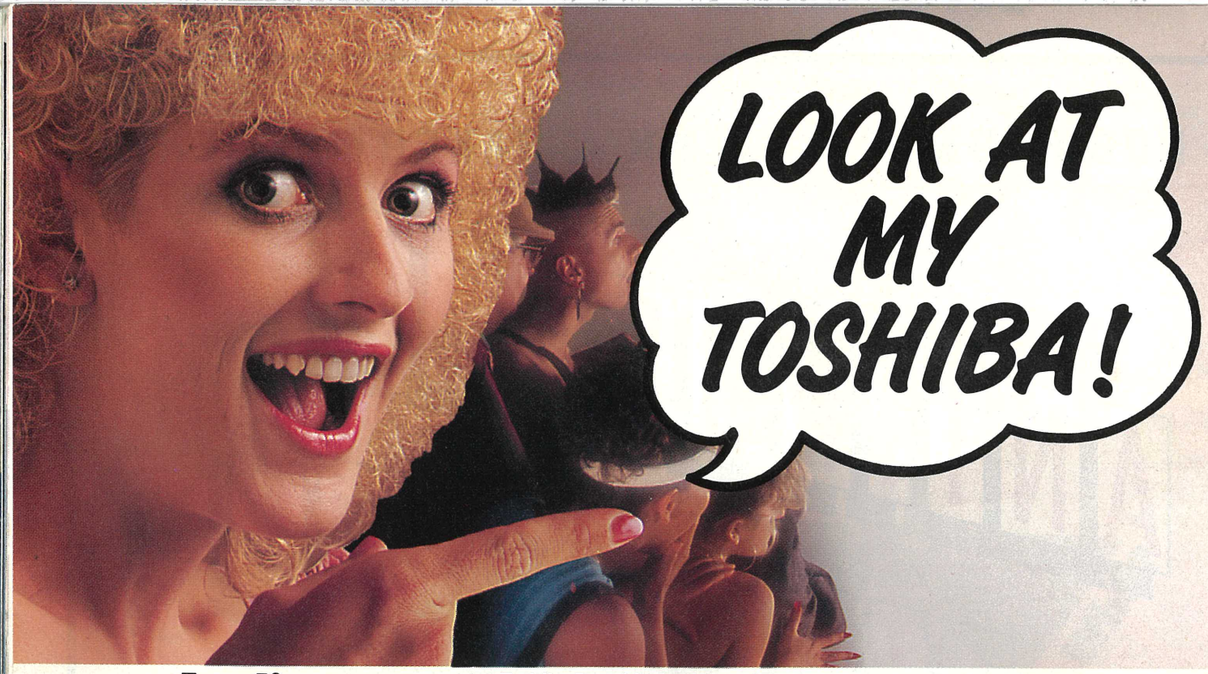

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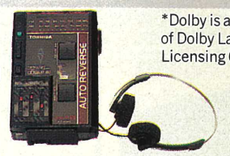

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Toshiba

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

IT COULD BE MILLIONS, IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT BIG BUDGET FILMS. A TITLE CAN BE A MAKE-OR-BREAK FACTOR AT THE BOX OFFICE, AS ETHLIE ANN VARE REPORTS.

Sexual Perversity in Chicago

Rob Lowe's new hit movie, **About Last Night**, is based on the David Mamet play **Sexual Perversity in Chicago**, and was originally intended to go out to theatres under that name. It was changed to the less offensive banner for the simple reason that local television stations in America were hesitant to run commercials with the words ''sexual perversity'' in them.

''A movie can't survive without television advertising,'' explains David Rosenfelt, vice president of marketing for Tri-Star Pictures. ''Some stations refused to run any ads with that title, and even the NBC network wouldn't air them before 11.30 at night.

''It's funny,'' he muses. ''They agreed to take ads for **The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas**!''

Tri-Star changed the title to give its film a better chance at the box office bucks, and their ploy has worked to the tune of $40 million in revenue so far. Lots of movies are released with titles different from the original, ''working'' title — and almost always because someone somewhere along the line felt the new name would translate into dollars (occasionally a title is changed because it's too similar to another current film).

''When George Lucas made **Star Wars**,'' recalls film historian Harry Medved, ''he had a big fight with his studio. They told him:

'We've done market research that shows women won't go to a movie with the word 'war' in the title; it sounds too violent.' ''

Although the movie was at one time registered as **The Adventure of Luke Skywalker**, Lucas rushed to get his original name on the marquees — and proved that there's a mega-exception to every marketing rule.

Steven Spielberg was told not to use the title **Poltergeist**, because preview audiences had no idea what a poltergeist was. And he wasn't sure that **E.T.: The Extra-Terrestrial** should be released under that title, either. One, nobody can pronounce it and, two, no one knows for sure if it should be hyphenated. The working title for the movie was, in fact, **A Boy's Life**.

''The studio didn't like the name **A Boy's Life**, either,'' says movie critic Michael Medved, Harry's brother and a popular TV show host.

A Boy's Life

The Adventure of Luke Skywalker

The Road Warrior

Tribal Rites of Saturday Night

Everybody Comes to Rick's

''When you're pitching a movie to a teen audience, you don't want it to have a kiddie title. That's a big thing in Hollywood: the most innocent projects try for at least a PG rating. Even youngsters don't want to go to a G-rated movie, because they're 'for sissies'.''

Famous films throughout history were almost known by other names. **Casablanca**, starring Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman, was originally called **Everybody Comes to Rick's.** John Travolta's **Saturday Night Fever** was **Tribal Rites of Saturday Night.** Orson Welle's classic **Citizen Kane** started out as **American.** The multi-million-dollar flop **Heaven's Gate** was going to be **The Johnson County War** (there's that word again), and Alfred Hitchcock's **North by Northwest**, believe it or not, was registered at one time as **The Man on Lincoln's Nose.**

It gets even more complicated when you start talking about international distribution. A recent videoclip-disguised-as-a-movie called **VisionQuest** was released as **Crazy for You** in Australia, because that Madonna soundtrack cut became a big hit.

''Producer Peter Guber told me he wished they had used that title over here,'' says Harry Medved. ''He thought the movie would have done better business.''

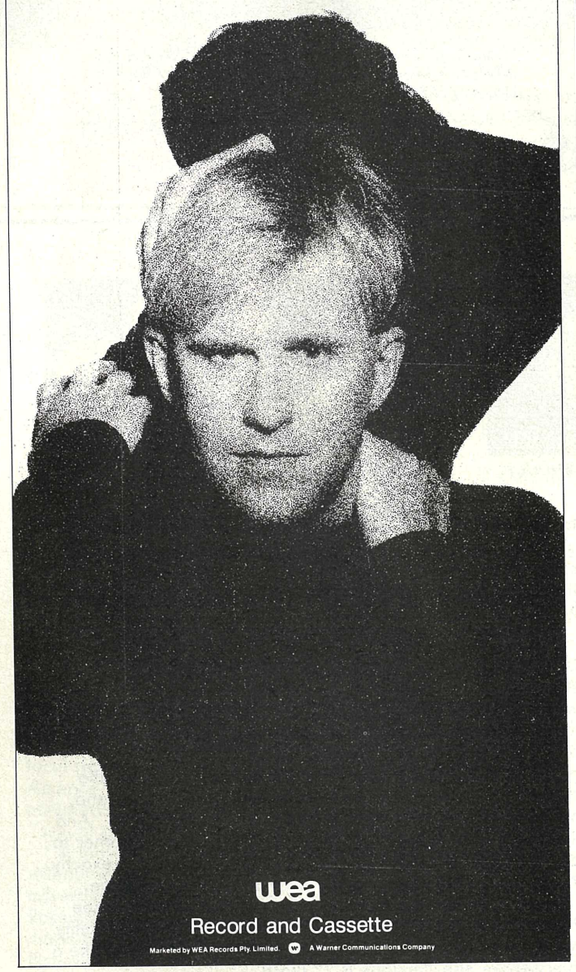
What Australia called **Mad Max**, the US called **The Road Warrior.** So your **Mad Max II** was our **Mad Max** period. By the time Thunderdome came out, though, even Americans got used to calling it **Mad Max III.** Sylvester Stallone had a huge domestic hit with the movie **First Blood**, but overseas it was known as **Rambo**, after the lead character. Then America got **Rambo: First Blood II**, which was simply **Rambo II** everywhere else. Stallone is already working on a third instalment — stay tuned for further complications.

One of the most oft-cited title changes was for Woody Allen's beloved **Annie Hall.** While he was filming it, Allen called the movie **Anhedonia**, a psychological term meaning ''the inability to enjoy anything.''

''For one thing, the title was difficult to understand,'' says Michael Medved. ''And then, if anyone did bother to look it up, it wouldn't exactly sound like a great movie. 'Gee, Maggie, let's go see this movie about the inability to enjoy things. Sounds like a blast!' ''

howard
jones
to one

the new album – produced by Arif Mardin features 'all I want' and 'you know I love you,don't you'



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MENTAL GURU, IS IT YOU?

Rosa Senese enters a zone where you can feel a little nothing happening all of the time, where by telepathetic telex, you are in . . . THE COURT OF GURU ADRIAN!

Enter through an inconspicuous little doorway. You shut the door behind you and the noise from the busy city street outside is completely shut off. You can tell this is another world. Up three flights of rickety stairs (a very significant number, three; take the Three Fates, the Three Wise Men, The Three Stooges). And suddenly, you know you're there. What might otherwise look like a messy art studio is transformed by an air of devotion and porpoise. For this is Guru Adrian's Public Relations Department, the nerve centre of the Adrianist cult. Here David Art Wales, Adrian's PR manager and artist, turns out the Guru's message to the world. David will also be our intermediary in this, an experimental interview with the Guru himself, conducted through telepathetic telex (patented).

BEFORE YOU READ ON, TAKE WARNING: GURU ADRIAN CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE . . .

Hello, your Guru-ness. Could you describe your lovely cave home in Beecroft, NSW where you are now?

"Well, it's made of nice rock, and it's hidden away among the trees. I like trees. They grow on you. Inside, there's a lovely Art Deco icebox full of baby food (donations from followers), bean bags for meditation in nice colours — mauve, lemon, turquoise — and board games for disciples in the waiting cave next door."

How do you manage without electricity?

"No problem. I *am* the light."

Who are these disciples? And how do you communicate with them?

"Anyone who likes having fun.

"We communicate through telepathetic telex, which is like an international fun telex network without any technology. It's all in your head. Whenever I think of something fun I telex it to one or all of the disciples."

Is some fun better than other fun? How can you tell?

"Inside every person is a natural device called The Funometer, which constantly registers a fun-rating from plus-ten to minus-ten. Mine usually sits on about plus seven."

Being such a big hit in print, Guru, do you think you'll branch out into a Multi-Media Personality?

"I've been living here in Beecroft for over 300 years now, just thinking wise things and enjoying being alive. I'm not about to rush into anything. Once, David wanted me to travel the globe, preaching the Secret Of Eternal Youth at venues like the Vatican, doing supports for The Pope and Billy Graham. I said I had Pig to take care of." (Pig is Adrian's pet. Pig is a pig. He's pink.)

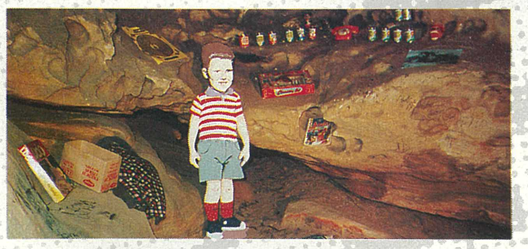
A Guru Adrian icon blesses David Art Wales and His Works.

What's your message, Adrian? What are you saying to us in your Fun Page every month?

"Basically, that HAVING FUN IS HALF THE FUN. Of course, it's impossible to be bursting with joy all the time, but you can enjoy being depressed as much as being excited. You've got to keep your balance. Basically, Adrianists enjoy being. My cause is the BE cause."

Well that's all very well for a full-time guru. But how can the rest of us have fun all the time when we have to do things like homework, or changing the Kitty Litter?

"Every situation is a potentially fun situation, so long as you're not hurting yourself or anything else. It's all in your attitude."



The Guru welcomes devotees to his well-appointed waiting cave.

Under "religion" in this year's census form, I wrote "Acolyte Of The Guru Adrian". Would you be interested if I started up an official Adrianist religion as a tax dodge? You could have your photo on all our official stationery.

"Stationary means not going anywhere. What you say about religion being like tax is true. There's only one system that works, the Solar System!"

Do you know God? Like, on a first name basis?

"DOG IS CAT. GOD IS FAT."

Er, yes. You're a being, sorry, Being, of very few words. You seem to sum up the Great Truths in very succinct phrases. Is this the secret of Successful Communication?

"Yes."

Could you be a little more specific about the Secret of Eternal Youth? Do you have any plans to market it?

"Everybody already knows the Secret of Eternal Youth, they just act like they're getting old."

Do you have a secret identity in the real world? Could you have been the driver on the 303 this morning, or maybe the Telecom inspector? Or is this all in my mind?

"For years now I've been disguised as everybody and only now have people started to recognise me."

Actually, there's a scurrilous rumour around that you're only a fictional character. What's your comment?

"*You* are!"

How about a miracle, just a little one, to convince the sceptics?

"It's a miracle that sceptics believe anything."

Does the outside world affect The Guru? Do you ever get depressed by the trouble and strife in the world, the falling dollar, the Lionel Ritchie singles . . .?

"Nothing is real. Nothing is free."

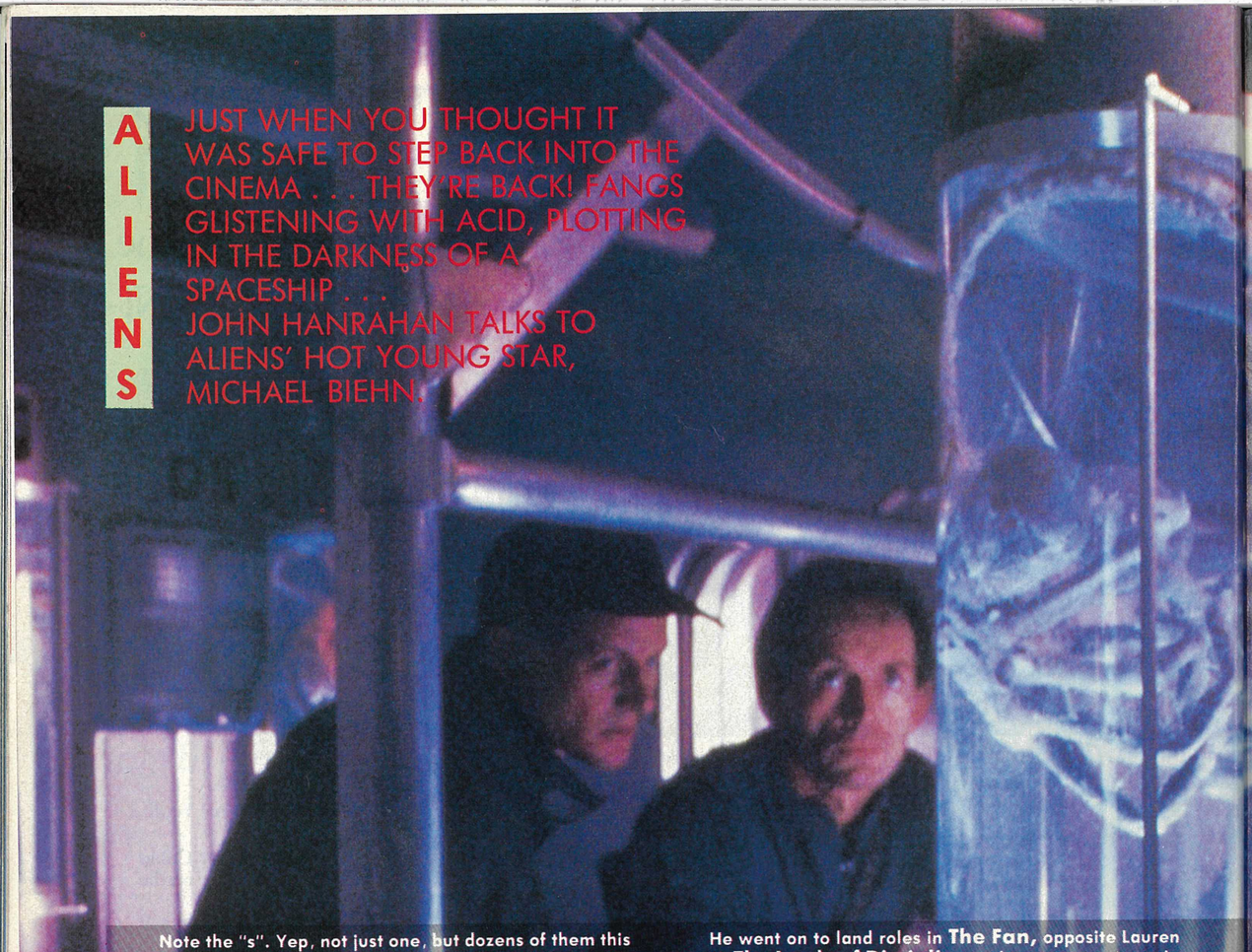
Then what are Guru Adrian's Favourite Things?

Fun — Reading the dictionary — 10c rides outside supermarkets — Achieving something by doing nothing — Helping God help those who help themselves — Tin toys — More fun — Picnics — Riding the porpoise of life — James Dibble — Watching the clouds — Pig — Roger Ramjet — Baby food (strained brains in particular) — Having fun here — Breathing — TV (Toast with Vegemite) — Having faith in Doghead — Rainy days — Sunny days — Any days (or nights) — Bert Newton — Art — Love — Nothing — Not smoking — Meditating — Graeme Davey.

Amen.

ALIENS

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO STEP BACK INTO THE CINEMA . . . THEY'RE BACK! FANGS GLISTENING WITH ACID, PLOTTING IN THE DARKNESS OF A SPACESHIP . . .
JOHN HANRAHAN TALKS TO ALIENS' HOT YOUNG STAR, MICHAEL BIEHN.



Note the "s". Yep, not just one, but dozens of them this time in James Cameron's brilliant sequel to Ridley Scott's electrifyingly scary **Alien.**

It's 70 years later and only Ripley, and her cat, survive in outer space.

Cameron, whose **The Terminator** was one of the biggest surprise hits of last year, has surpassed Scott's film.

Also in the movie is **Terminator** co-star Michael Biehn, now one of Hollywood's hottest young actors.

He was full of enthusiasm as he bounded into his press agent's office off Wiltshire Boulevarde, Los Angeles, a few weeks ago when I stopped by to talk about the making of the film.

Biehn's character Hicks emerges as one of the heroes in a desperate bid by Ripley and surviving crew members to escape.

For the young actor, whose performance opposite Arnold Schwarzenegger in **The Terminator** won him some strong reviews and plenty of fans, it's another major stepping stone.

He grew up in Lincoln, the 900,000-strong capital of Nebraska, then went to college on a drama scholarship at the University of Arizona.

"I didn't like it very much because you spend most of the time building sets for the seniors and taking make-up classes, history of theatre and wardrobe classes . . . all that sort of bullshit, no acting classes. I didn't like the people and there were a lot of 'fruitcakes' there," he says frankly.

"I quit when I was 18 and came out to Los Angeles. I used to watch television and say to myself 'Hell, I could do that!' "

He went on to land roles in **The Fan,** opposite Lauren Bacall, **The Lords of Discipline** and a guest starring role in **Hill Street Blues** which won wide critical and public acclaim as a racist cop before **Terminator** and then **Aliens.**

The film is very much Sigourney Weaver's, with Biehn's character the lead character among the crew that returns to the aliens' planet.

"Sigourney had some scenes to do that ran for three to four minutes . . . alone . . . and that is very difficult and can be extremely demanding," he said.

"The thing about Sigourney that I really like is that there is this pre-conceived idea of Sigourney Weaver as being this regal, beautiful, almost untouchable blue-blood. But she is not like that at all . . . she's really one of the guys, really down to earth, and she was the first one to make an off-colour remark about something and she was excellent keeping the spirit on the set right up through some pretty long days."

Aliens will certainly move her into the highest echelon of stars as she turns Ripley into the kind of heroic character anyone, male or female, will identify with and cheer for.

"There's a whole new set of people in this story of course," adds Biehn.

"And when they find Sigourney Weaver's body floating in suspended animation out in space, bring her back and revive her, they want to know what happened," explains Biehn.

"She recounts what we saw in **Alien,** but they don't believe it . . . largely because the planet they found the pods on has since been colonised by a couple of hundred families who are mining the planet. And they don't seem to have had any problems . . . up to this point." Suddenly, the headquarters back on earth lose contact with the colony.

Ripley, who'd been demoted, is recalled and sent back to the planet with special space marines.

"These guys are specialists in weird things. They're sent out there on a 'bug' . . . and they don't give a shit! They've kicked ass before and this is just another trip."

Biehn is loathe to say too much about the details of the story and special effects. But he admits he was "stunned" at the quality of the script that Cameron came up with in a matter of months for **Aliens** and how thoroughly it was developed and designed.

The sets for the film at Pinewood Studios, west of London, were massive.

"They were so big you'd get lost on them," he recalled.

Fascinated, and knowing Cameron so well, he followed the making of the film right through to its final stages.

"I watched a black and white rough cut version which means no music, no sound effects, scenes are missing, it was a mess really . . . but it was really scary and enjoyable," says Biehn.

"I watched **Terminator** in a rough cut and walked away going 'Oh, God, I don't know, I don't know if it's going to be as good as I thought it was'.

"Rough cuts are tough to watch. But this moved so well, put it in a 70mm theatre with Dolby sound and I don't have any doubt that this is going to be an extraordinary movie.

"There's a lot in the new film that takes place inside a spaceship but there is also a lot that takes place outside of it . . . the story has been opened up quite a bit and it holds up very well."

But, says Biehn, this is a different type of a film.

"**Alien** was more of a suspense movie, the kind of scare you get when you're walking down a dark alley and you hear something and you're all alone, with shadows everywhere.

"You just don't know when something is going to happen. That's why **Alien** was scary.

"This movie has a little bit of that . . . but it's more like a roller coaster going through a dark mountain. It's more of an action movie. The scares come from quick turns and jumps and booms and bangs!"

Director James Cameron has retained very much the black, grimy, slippery feel of the original.

"He's an artist among all his talents. He designed the actual terminator in the **Terminator** film and though we are dealing with, essentially, the same monster . . . and that is the key . . . he has added a lot of his own ideas," says Biehn, who spent time with the director in the editing rooms as well.

"To say it is the same monster might be a falsehood, but to describe it to you would be letting out one of the biggest secrets of the film. You see what we call 'face-suckers' and those pods that John Hurt looked over in the first film and you see them in more detail and what they do and how they use the human body as a host. But you also see these monsters from the time they are small to the time they get older and bigger."

Hold onto your seats. This is one of the most chilling, exciting films in more than a decade.

Suntan vs. Reef tan.

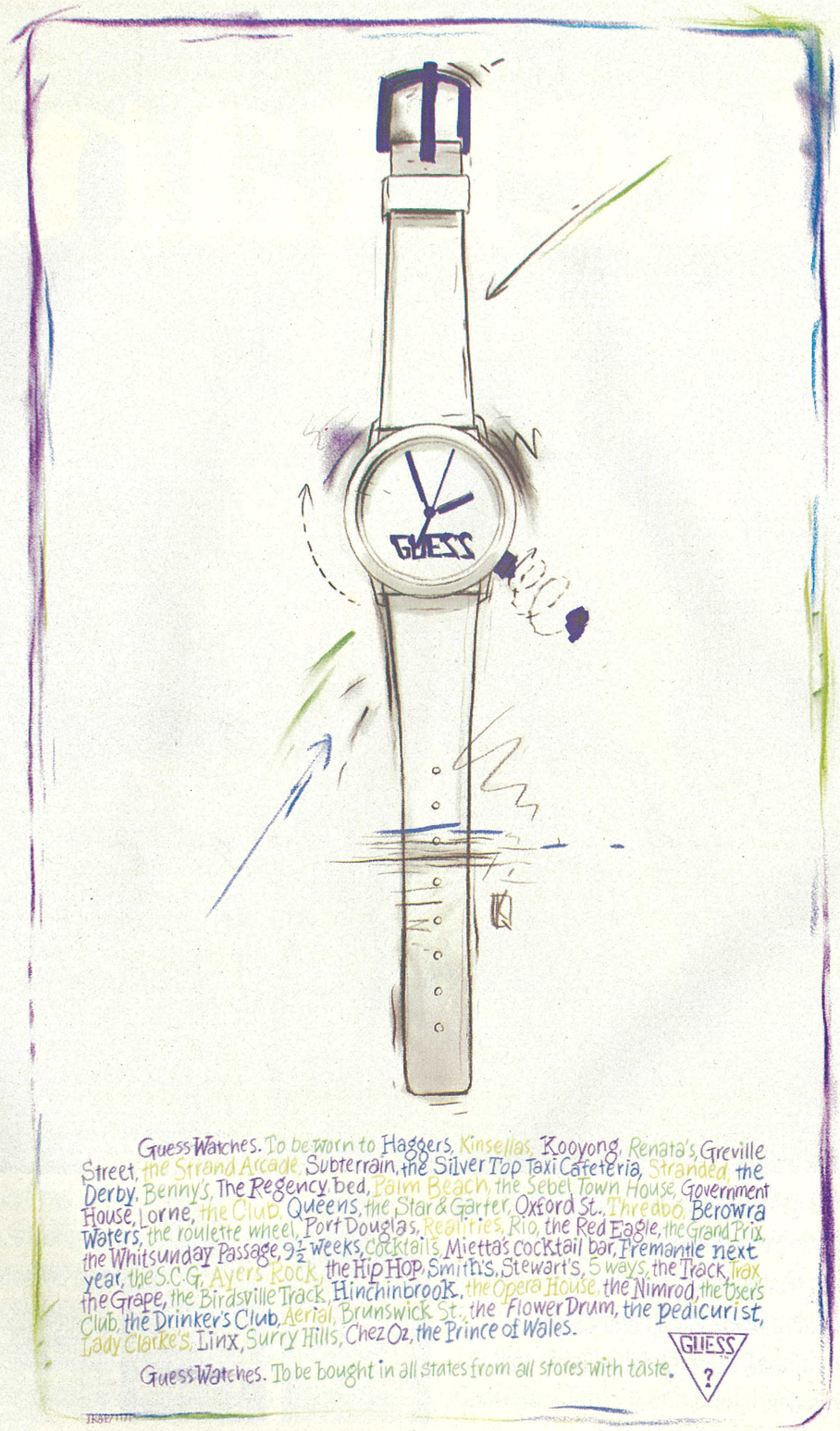
Swimwear by Brian Rochford

Reef tan is a tan without compromise. Deep, strong and lasting to keep you looking good all summer. Other tans simply can't stand up beside Reef. Reef Oil and Water Resistant Reef Lotion are blended from natural island oils and lotions to moisturise your skin while it soaks up the sun.

And by using Reef Aftersun you'll keep your Reef tan all summer long.

Brian Rochford can highlight your Reef tan. For example, from left to right: Brian Rochford's men's brief in electric blue, multi-coloured screen printed lycra malliot with black binds, lipstick pink racer with plunge back, men's black lycra brief, gold and black zip up one-piece, aqua men's brief, hot pink bikini with gold gathered sides.

ICI 011/Y&R MEL


GUESS
Guess Watches. To be worn to Haggers, Kinsellas, Kooyong, Renata's, Greville Street, the Strand Arcade, Subterrain, the Silver Top Taxi Cafeteria, Stranded, the Derby, Benny's, The Regency bed, Palm Beach, the Sebel Town House, Government House, Lorne, the Club, Queens, the Star & Garter, Oxford St., Thredbo, Berowra Waters, the roulette wheel, Port Douglas, Realities, Rio, the Red Eagle, the Grand Prix, the Whitsunday Passage, 9½ weeks, cocktails, Mietta's cocktail bar, Fremantle next year, the S.C.G, Ayers Rock, the Hip Hop, Smith's, Stewart's, 5 ways, the Track, Trax, the Grape, the Birdsville Track, Hinchinbrook, the Opera House, the Nimrod, the Users Club, the Drinker's Club, Aerial, Brunswick St., the Flower Drum, the pedicurist, Lady Clarke's, Linx, Surry Hills, Chez Oz, the Prince of Wales.
Guess Watches. To be bought in all states from all stores with taste.
GUESS
?

Penpals

Hey spunk! That got your attention! Do you have the same problem I have? When you write to someone, they never write back? Well if so, write to me. I've done that stacks of times before. Then you end up thinking, what's the use, right? Then you give up. Before you do, please consider this letter. I am 15 and a proud vegetarian, humanitarian and equal opportunist. I love people. Meeting them, helping them, being with them and writing to them. I am against all forms of cruelty. I like (music wise) Sade, Sting, Jimmy Barnes, Madonna, George Michael and Simply Red. My ambition in life is to make others happy and to communicate. So if you are very/sort of/mildly interested, then put pen to paper and write to . . . Amy Renfrey, 4 Nirvana Crescent, Bulleen, 3105, Vic. Hope to hear from you soon! P. S. I prefer guys (and girls) between the age of 13 to 18 years. The kinder and older you are, the better! And I would prefer a photo if possible, but if not it's OK with me!

YUK! YUK! YUK! I'm tearing my hair out! Isn't there anyone out there who likes **Wa Wa Nee**? If you've bought Stimulation and you are on your way down to your nearest record shop to purchase I Could Make You Love Me, please write to me. And I hope that you've played the B sides of these! I'm crazy, insane and totally off this planet! So come and join me: Vicki, residing at 11 Rotorua Road, West St Clair, NSW, 2759.

Hello, I've just been introduced to your great mag by a friend abroad. I'd dearly love a penpal from Australia or New Zealand. I am especially interested in contacting GO WEST and RICK SPRINGFIELD fans. Would love to hear from anyone over 17 years old. Will reply to all! Thanks, Joanna Mills, 266 Appleton Avenue, Great Barr, Birmingham, B43 5QD, England.

OK all you girls out there who like to party, listen to me. I like bands such as INXS, Uncanny X-Men, Dire Straits, Samantha Fox and many more. So if anyone out there likes these bands and wears bright clothes write to Brett Evelyn at 2 George St Wallendbeen, NSW, 2588. P.S. Please enclose photo if possible.

Calling all trendy and far-out guys! We're two trendy 13 y.o. (almost 14) girls into anything trendy and far-out! We love the movies, trendy clothes, parties and cute guys. So if you fit the description and you're aged 13-16 get writing to Samantha and Indy: c/o Bondi Beach Post Office, Bondi Beach, NSW, 2026. P.S. All decent letters answered. P.P.S. Try and send a photo if possible. Seeya!

It was during our annual family vacation to **Milton Keynes,** where I met a **Man Of Great Promise,** in **Our Favourite Shop** down in the **Seine.** After conversing with him for some time, he said, **''The Queen Is Dead'',** and I said **''Frankly, Mr Shankly** I don't believe you.'' Meanwhile the **Vicar In A Tutu** and **The Boy With The Thorn In His Side** went **Back To The Old House** to **Reel Around The Fountain.** But why? To find out more about this continuing saga write to me, Shane Dean (male, 18), 27 Oak St, North Narrabeen, NSW, 2101. P.S. The Smiths and Style Council rule!!

Do you qualify to write to me? Read the following and see . . . Are you a rocker, punk, skinhead, headbanger, teenybopper, mod, human, male, female, animal or alien? Are you black, white, pink, blue, yellow etc? Do you go to night clubs and wild parties or stay home and watch Wombat or Young Talent Time or eat Vegemite or anything possible? If you qualify you must have a lot in common with me. Anyway, if you are a bit different or a bit normal then write to me! Oh, I'm female and 16 years old. All letters answered. Write to Vivienne Whitmore, 14 Balowrie St, Hamilton, Brisbane, 4007.

SMITHS! PUNKS! I also enjoy HoJo, Cure, Echo, G.L.J., B-Movie, Psychedelic Furs, Big Country, Charlie Sexton, Simply Red, S.S. Sputnik, Clash! Punks unite or write; Kathy, 2610 Egan Rd, Ottawa, Ontario, K1V8N1, Canada.

Idiots need love too. Are you a nerd? Fat? Unpopular? If so, write to me. I'll either write back or put you in touch with another nerd. If you are short, fat, ugly, gangly, skinny, harebrained or even an Einstein, write to Nerds Anonymous (a nerdy name,) 5 Hazel Cres, Healesville (a nerdy place), 3777, Vic.

Hi, my name is Stuart. I'm looking for penpals to share my interest with Oz music when I move back to England. I'm into bands like Aust Crawl, INXS, Hoodoo Gurus and especially the Oils, who are the best in the world and I'd love to hear of them from you Aust guys and girls. I'm a great fan of Peter Garret and think his views on nuclear disarmament and peace are so important to us all. So all you headbangers, surfies, breakers etc send a line to this pro-socialist sympathiser cum punk/trendie over here in London now. No age limit, all letters answered. Stuart Pearson, 26 Mayfields, Wembley, MDDX, HA9 9PS, United Kingdom.

Hiya!! I'm a 15 y. o. female searching for a penpal male or female, any age (preferably between 1 and 100). You can be interested in snails if you like, I'll still write to you! I like every kind of music from classical to pop to rock to heavy metal to anything!! I have light brown hair, blue eyes and I'm fun loving. If you're interested, write to Vili, 20 McCrae Rd, Rosanna, Victoria. P.S. Please enclose a photo. P.P.S: All letters answered.

I'm an 18 year old open-minded male. I'm looking for some penpals, preferably female. My favourite groups are; INXS, Pseudo Echo, Madonna, Deep Purple, Iron Maiden, Bryan Adams etc. My hobbies are weightlifting, writing letters etc. So don't waste 33c on letters you never get back. Just write to me. All letters replied. Write to Graham, Box 289, Kadina, 5554, SA. P.S. Don't matter how old you are, or what religion. Please send a photo.

Anyone born in '69 or '68, admires Nick Rhodes, male or female, enjoys most music (except Heavy Metal), has a passion for travel, born elsewhere to myself (i.e. not Brizzy). Write to Jodi, 11 Gawain Rd, Bracken Ridge, Brisbane, 4017, QLD.

Hi, I'm a punk 13 year old who is looking for a penpal aged 13-18 who is into Sex Pistols, The Clash, The Exploited, UK Decay, Sunnyboys, The Cure, The Church, Depeche Mode, New Order, Violent Femmes, Johnnys, (early) Models and Siouxsie and The Banshees. Write to Nik Gill, 12 Longley St, Alfredton, Ballarat, Vic.

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO COUNTDOWN PENPALS
P.O. BOX 600 WATERLOO NSW 2017

Letters

Illustration: Louise Graber

Dear Eddington (Ed)
I have just eaten 13 repulsive, slimy, writhing, filthy worms for you my pal, in response to Cathy "sick of the name Ed" Young's letter in the September issue. Cathy said that if we didn't call you Eddi (the most sickeningly goochi poo name I've ever laid ears on) we would have to eat 13 worms. Actually Ed my buddy, I ate 14 worms due to the fact that when I ate a mother worm I didn't have the heart to leave her defenceless baby an orphan, especially since the baby's name was Eddi!
Signed, your wormed-out friend, Sarah
PS: Notice how the "S" in my name looks like a worm. Excuse me, I think I'm going to throw up!
Goat's milk cheese, and now this! Excuse me! (Berf . . .)

Dear Ed,
Usually I'm a nice, tranquil person but today I'm angry! You see I looked in my favourite mag (Countdown, of course!) to see the film reviews. I was totally disgusted at the review Ms Cook gave "Better Off Dead". I saw it and thought it was the best film this year and I'm not the only one, since at the end of the film everyone clapped. I thought it was quite funny but perhaps Ms Cook is getting too old for the job, after all it was a teen comedy.
Yours sincerely, a teenager.
PS: If you need a new film reviewer, I'm free!!
PPS: A great three years Countdown Mag! Here's to heaps more!
Listen, pervey, Ms Cook is so young, her voice hasn't even broken!

Dear Edna,
DA DA DA DUM!
Doesn't that stir anything in you? No, not really? Well mention this to your Vogon Aunt, peeved off B.J. Hunt (Sept 86). Beethoven's Ninth Symphony has (well sort of) been modernised i.e. Hooked on Classics. Or maybe more up your street is Sting's "Russians", covering a Russian classical. Modern cover versions are a way of presenting the old rock classics to a newer, naive audience who don't realise anything exists besides Top 40. Take "Get it On", "Eloise", "Spirit in the Sky", and the immortal "Stairway to Heaven", which were brilliant in their time, and still are, though lack appeal to modern audiences, until they're modernised. And weird though they are, Art of Noise's "Peter Gunn" and Weird Al Yankovic's covers are really brilliant.
I don't think revampers are "talentless", because in their own right, their covers are usually great, though NEVER to be compared with the original. Wouldn't it be great if cover singles had the original on the B side. Don't knock the covers please!
From E.H. (also sick of the name Ed) D.
PS: INXS rule
PPS: Edna, how about Edelweiss or Edentate (toothless) Eddi?
Right. "No" to "Edna" or the rest. Got it?

Dear Ed,
Guess what? I had an unusual dream last night, I dreamed that The Cure and Robert Smith knocked on my door and asked me to join their band. Incredible, but it really did happen. Eh, anyway, I was interviewed by you! Yes you! And then I fell in love with you. It's a pity I don't know you. Then I became famous all because of my dream. I woke up to find somebody knocking on my door called "Robert Smith" who lived in "Cure Avenue" in England coming to visit mum and dad — sounds dumb but dead set it is the spot-on unpiddle wopper truth. I nearly cried in laughter (he didn't look like Robert of The Cure, he was old and I had to call him Mr Smith).
From The Cure's latest imaginary band member,
Alex Smith (that's my last name too).
I'm also knows as "Atlas".
"Atlas", eh? Is that 'cos you're covered in various spots? (Ho, ho)

Dear Countdown Magazine
Could you please get Louise "The Pen" Graber to draw a picture of Greedy Smith and Marty Plaza for me because the drawings look ace and the Mentals are ace too.
From Marty Plaza's long brown hair
PS: I love reading Countdown Magzine and watching the show.

Dear Ed,
I'm depressed, very depressed. I won't be depressed if you just tell me one thing . . . George Michael isn't getting maried, is he?
Please say NO!
I mean, what a waste, and just to think, I'm gonna marry him sooner or later.
Is it true or not?
Signed, a very depressed future George Michael wife (Nicky) NSW.
No. Does that help? Anyway, it's illegal to marry a full-length mirror . . .

Dear Countdown,
Ever since I have been buying this magazine I have not seen very much on Uncanny X-men, not even a poster or an article. Most of the X-men fans are sick of people and radio stations pushing them out of the limelight and giving us nothing but INXS.
Now take their single I Am. It was really great and moving up the charts until the radio stations turned their backs on this great Aussie band. They can say what they like about them but, in my mind, Brian Mannix and Uncanny X-men are the best by far. I hope the new album will do extremely well just to show they are the best.
Lisa Andrews, Walgett, NSW.
PS: At least I've got the guts to put my name on this letter.
PPS: Why not give the young, up and coming Aussie bands a chance to show how good they are!!!

Dear Eddington (Ed)
My letter is about old rock and roll stars.
Some of us young men and women often knock the old rocks but I don't understand why. Take the "King", Elvis Presley; I've heard him being called over-hyped and overrated. Well, I think that stinks; I could say that about any of today's rock stars and have a law suit.
But if Elvis, Buddy Holly, Bill Haley, Johnny O'Keefe, Chuck Berry and the Beatles never sang any of their rock 'n' roll, we would probably be listening to Mozart, Strauss etc, so we should all be thankful. It's probably the only reason we have great groups like Midnight Oil, INXS, Models, John Cougar Mellencamp etc.
Thanks again and keep up the good work,
Love from Karyn, Wollongong North, NSW
PS: Could Louise Graber please draw a nice picture of all the guys above (just joking, one will do).

Hey Ed,
Just pervin' through your fantastic mag and woz wonderin' if you'd be such a darlin' as to ask Louise Graber to draw a lurvely picture of Wa Wa Nee. How Stimulating!
Thanks mate!
From a stimulating Wa Wa Nee fan!
Vanessa Stokeld

Dear Ed,
This is an OUTRAGE! You forgot to include the birthdays of two of the three most gorgeous guys in the universe. That's right! Morten and Pal! GASP!
So in case you didn't know, (which is highly unlikely) I'll tell you their birthdays: Morten — September 14, Pal — September 6, Mags — November 1 (so you don't forget him too!).
So to compensate for this sin, you should publish a whole magazine on A-Ha, or at least include a giant pin-up.
Yours in shock,
Morten's idol, Pal's stimulation, and Mags' little angel.
Empires may crumble, fjords may melt . . . well, there you go. The culprit has been sent to permanent limbo in the 'cartoon' bits of 'Take On Me' . . .

Buy • Swap • Sell

Wanted to buy urgently; any **picture sleeve cover singles** from any of the following bands; Cold Chisel, INXS, Angels, Aust Crawl, Police, Mentals, Mi-Sex, Divinyls and The Radiators. Will pay good money for any of the above. Write to Darren Richards, 10 Oakley Avenue, Rockdale, NSW, 2216.

I am trying to find a **mini album by U2 called U23.** It was only released in Ireland, so I was hoping someone has been sent a copy, or brought one here from there. Will consider any reasonable price, for original or tape. If you can help me please write to Vicky, 29 Barrington Crescent, Salisbury East, SA, 5109.

American desperate for anything on INXS and Models. I have front row photos of INXS and Models from recent shows to swap for — or tell me what you can offer and name your price! Monica, PO Box 95, Mazon, Il, 60444, USA.

For sale or to swap; **three photos of Michael Hutchence** of INXS, they were taken about two years ago at Perth Airport, they all are close-ups. Will give to the highest price or will swap for any guys of Pseudo Echo. Write to Angela Famiano, 273 Coode Street, Bedford, WA, 6052.

Wanted, pictures or **posters of A-ha.** Will swap for posters that I have. Lorena, 7 Carandini Street, Melba, ACT, 2615.

Help, **I am run down with 70s albums** (my sister's fault — left home and dumped them on me). Anyone wanting to buy any, I most probably have the one you want. I will sell them to you for $12 each. Postage is a fair bit for records, especially when you live in Mackay. Please save me before I drown in the overflow. If you do write I'll reply in two weeks (give me time to sort through them). Write to Felicity, Hawthorn M/S 656 Mackay, Dumbulton, 4740, Qld.

Desperately wanted — anything to do with **Culture Club** and **Boy George.** I am making a collection of anything to do with CC from posters to articles and pictures, so if you have any old mags with stuff in them, could you please take it out if you don't want it, and send it to the following address. Also, anyone with a good unscratched copy of "Waking Up With The House On Fire" picture disc who wouldn't mind selling it, please write. Send to Culture Collection, c/o Post Office, Blandford, 2338, NSW.

Desperately wanted: anything on or about **James Dean** or **David Sylvian,** also tour programmes. I have for sale an Uncanny X-Men programme, highest offer gets it. Julie Cripps, 29 Cruikshank Avenue, Camden, 2570, NSW.

Wanted desperately; **early Cockroaches** single I Want A Leather Jacket and Shake, Jump, Shout. Also, See You In Spain picture cover. Write to Debbie Smith, 336 Luxford Road, Lethbridge Park, NSW, 2770.

Wanted to buy; **anything on Wham,** especially a tour programme and photos and a T-shirt from their Australian concerts. Must be in very good condition. I will pay reasonable prices. Write to Barbara Rees, PO Box 323, Healesville, Vic, 3777.

To all **Power Station and Kids In The Kitchen fans.** I have one KITK album to sell. Their first album Shine, only played twice, good condition, going for $3. Also, I have one Power Station cassette, only played once, and that is going for $4. Sheralee Jeffries, 253 Dunmore Street, Wentworthville, 2145, Sydney, NSW.

Hi, I'm looking for the following **Howard Jones stuff,** the 12 inch of "Like To Get To Know You Well" with picture cover; any HoJo picture discs or rarities; any Risks (fan club mag) or fan club stuff before Risk 7; any HoJo stuff from UK/US mags. Well, that's my shopping list, if you can help me write to Ernie The Goat, 74 Spring Gully Road, Bendigo, Vic, 3550.

I've got heaps of excellent **photos of Howard Jones** (in concert). **Aussie Crawl** (their last concert), **Mental As Anything** (in concert), some photos of the **X-Men** and of **A-ha.** Also, I've got lots of posters and articles of just about anyone famous in the music scene. So write to me for some great bargains! I'm looking for photos of A-ha, Wham, Paul Young and U2. Write to Penny Bistaros, 18 Acacia Street, Katoomba, 2780, NSW.

Wanted: old articles, pictures, posters, etc of **Venetians, Kids In The Kitchen** and **Pseudo Echo** will swap for similar on other bands. Also, to sell, live pictures of Sting, Howard Jones, Paul Young, Feargal Sharkey, Eurogliders, KITK, Pseudo Echo, Venetians, Wa Wa Nee, Machinations, Geisha, Tim Finn, Kam Sha, Boom Crash Opera, Mentals, Thompson Twins, Uncanny X-Men and Nik Kershaw. Write to K. Hyland, 15 Wylie Street, Kirrawee, NSW, 2232.

To all **Olivia Newton-John haters.** If you hate Livvy then write to me now. I will swap or buy anything you want for her. I have millions of magazines and I'm sure I will have someone you like. I especially want interviews and things from the '70s and early '80s. I also want seven and 12 inch records and badges, posters or anything you might have. If you can help please write to Christina Steel, 40 Webb Road, Loganlea, Logancity, 4204, Qld.

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FILMS

SPACE CAMP

A cross between Basic Training and a billion dollar theme park, this is where they send you when you tick the Astronaut option on your vocational guidance form. Made with NASA-JPL co-operation (which shows), this movie's about a bunch of work-experience space cadets at summer camp to do a lot of simulating under authentic conditions.

Lea Thompson plays the highly motivated Kathryn who wants to be a shuttle pilot. There's the infinitely more relaxed Kevin (Tate Donovan), space out Tish (Kelly Preston) and Max (Leaf Phoenix) a kid with a disastrous Star Wars fixation and a dangerously obliging robot buddy.

They get to goof around with some obscenely expensive hardware, but the high point is the simulated shuttle launch, when they strap into the actual crew positions during a routine maintenance firing of one of the boosters — the right, actually. There's a morbid fascination when you pick out the offending ring seal. Then there's Kate Capshaw, looking not unlike the would-be first school teacher in the space. She plays the kids' tutor Andie, who wants to be the first woman shuttle pilot.

She gets her wish when Max's budy, in cahoots with the NASA computers, organises a little off-planet exursion, but the shuttle isn't flight-ready and there's not enough oxygen to get back safely. They manage to pick up some at a conveniently located space station, but Andie breaks a few ribs in the effort, and it's time for everybody to dig into their resourcefulness rations. It's a bit of a panic but true grit prevails and they land that baby, without a scratch. It's a bit cute in parts, but the 7-UP disaster gives it an edge and the space photography is glorious.

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MALCOLM

This is a wonderful movie about a socially retarded mechanical wiz who discovers the perfect outlet for his unique talents.

Colin Friels plays the childlike boffin Malcolm, who is sacked from the tram depot for building a recreational one-man tram out of spare parts, and then driving round in it.

John Hargreaves is great as Frank the lodger. He's a small time crim who moves in with his girlfriend Judith (Lindy Davies), and they're both pretty tolerant of eccentric landlords. Inspired by Frank's colourful profession, Malcolm constructs the prototype of his automated bank robber. The test heist has the element of surprise going for it. The security guards at the building society are frankly incredulous when a video camera mounted on a remote control car points a gun, and tells them to put the money in the little meccano trailer it's towing. They're amazed enough to do it, but there's a clearance problem during the drainpipe getaway, and the loot is lost.

Although Malcolm's new interest makes Frank nervous, Judith has a nose for the perfect crime. The three losers team up with a gang of armed ashtrays to pull off a hugely rewarding, and hilarious payroll job, and escape to exotic tram capitals of the world to plan the next scam. It's ingenious, whimsical and very entertaining. **Janet Cook**

VIDEOS

RECKLESS (CEL) A teenage hood with nothing in life but his motorcycle. A beautiful rich girl with nothing in her life except the hood. Sound familiar? There's certainly nothing new here, it's been done over and over again, but not better than in Brando's **Wild One. Reckless** is a pauper's **Wild One** with Aidan Quinn playing his part with the imagination of a Stallone, though the script doesn't help him at all. Daryl Hannah star of **Splash** should have stayed in the water, as this film hardly stretches her talents. It relies totally on her sex appeal and her youthful appearance, though not even Daryl can pass herself off as a high school student any longer. If you enjoy this then good luck to you, you'll need it.

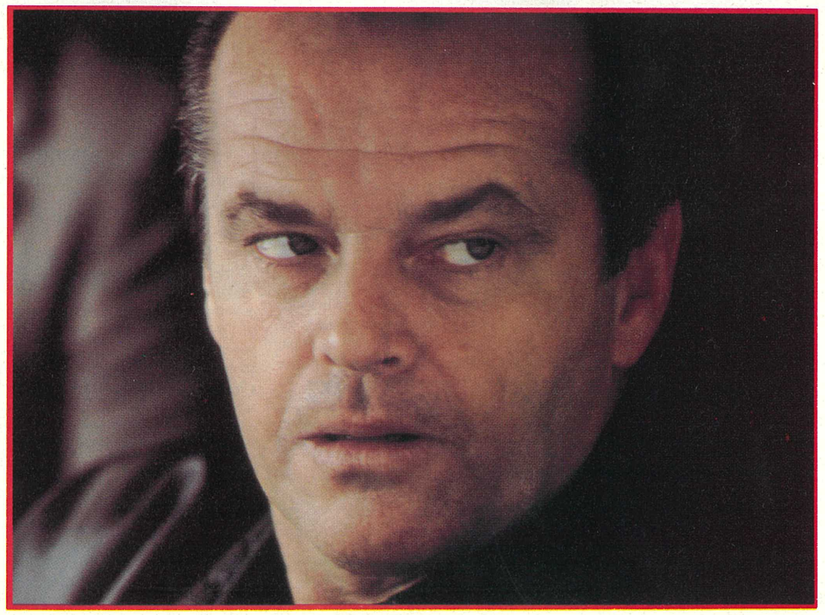
THE HAUNTED PALACE, THE RAVEN (Roadshow) Both videos are great viewing with impeccable credentials. Both are directed by Roger Corman and star the incomparable Vincent Price. Charles Beaumont wrote the script for The Haunted Palace, based on stories by H.P. Lovecraft and Edgar Allan Poe. Vinnie displays the full range of his purple passions as the heir to the gloomy ruin, who is possessed by the malevolent shade of his (identical) warlock ancestor, and generates localised cosmic nastiness when he summons up Cthulhu and the Ancient unpleasant ones.

The Raven is Richard Matheson's gothic spoof of Poe's poem, and stars Boris Karlof and Peter Lorre, as well as Vinnie. The grandmaster ghouls play a trio of magicians battling for supremacy, and deliver the witty dialogue and atrocious FX with equal relish. Of course you get a black bird and a woman called Lenore, but there's also an astonishingly young Jack Nicholson for historical interest.

TROLL (Roadshow) Walpurgis Night is a bad time for the Potters to move into their new apartment, built over the portals of the underworld. Henry Jnr soon realises that it's not little Wendy Ann who's being excessively brattish, it's the hideous troll who's taken over her form. And she is just stage one in his crazed campaign for overworld domination. The Potters are too nice and dumb a family to die but things get pretty sticky in this gruesome fantasy, before June Lockart save the day as the superannuated fairy queen. It isn't wildly funny or that scary, but the creature animations are neat and the scene where the tentacles burst thought the roof is classic Japanese sci-fi. **Janet Cook**

PRIZZI'S HONOUR (Roadshow) **Prizzi's Honour** takes off where **The Godfather** failed to go. Here is a black comedy that explores a mafia family in America that has as many internal problems as any other family. Charley Partanna (Jack Nicholson) falls in love with Irene Walker (Kathleen Turner) not knowing that she happens to be a hired killer. Irene too, falls in love with Charley, they get married and all seems well until she is given the contract to kill her new husband. If you think that's confusing, it's only just beginning. The cast is superb. Angelica Huston won an Oscar for her role here, William Hickey certainly deserved one as the head of the family and John Randolph, Lee Richardson and Robert Loggia perform well. **Prizzi's Honour** is **The Godfather** gone wrong and makes for hilarious viewing and the chance to watch a cast that just seems to belong together. This should be top of your viewing list.

ONCE BITTEN (Seven Keys) A 400-year-old beautiful vampire Countess (Lauren Hutton) has just a week to find a young male virgin if she is to retain her youth. The fact that she lives in Los Angeles is a great problem in her search but the frustrated Mark Kendall (Jim Carey) proves to be the chance she was looking for. However, Mark's girlfriend Robin finds out that all is not as rosy as it should be with her boyfriend and gets the help of Mark's friends, Russ and Jamie, in order to stop the goings on. In **Once Bitten,** the support characters provide the high points of the film, particularly the strange assortment of ex-virgins that the Countess keeps in her mansion; a World War One ace, a Confederate soldier, a cabin boy, a flower child, vampire twins and a Moll Flanders type. Their live-in coffins are amusingly appropriately decorated. Fine for a night's light entertainment . . . **Nik Brasch**



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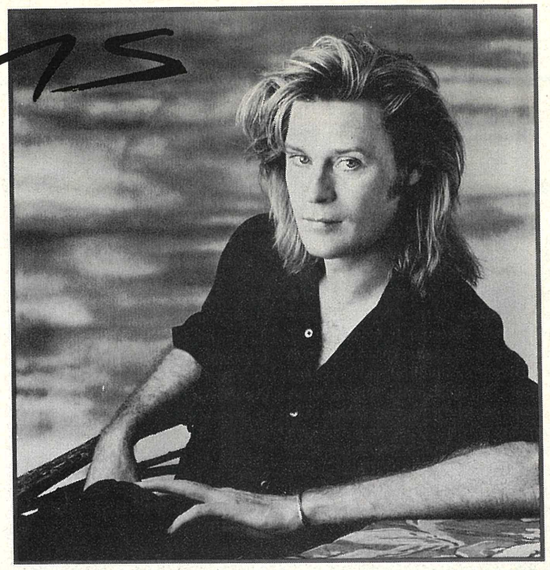

Hall of fame

SAMANTHA FOX
Touch Me (Liberation)

This . . . this *thing* is about as interesting as a wet dishcloth (and a lot less useful). The music is the usual tepid dance-pop; 10 years ago it would have been a Tina Charles record. And the attempts at singing! A British Madonna she ain't. The lyrical content (which, to be fair, Samantha was not responsible for) makes Bananarama sound like Shakespeare. But you don't want to know about all that, do you? You want to know about the cover. The two biggest reasons for Samantha's success are, sadly, hidden from view; instead the come-on comes courtesy of a pair of strategically ripped jeans, from which Ms Fox's left bum cheek hangs in a perfectly formed inch. Still, as appalling as this record is, it doesn't really matter; you get the feeling that for Samantha dis pop fing is all a birrova larf really, and when the hits dry up she'll continue on her true destiny: becoming the Barbara Windsor of the '90s (low-rent "dumb" blonde of '60s English "comedies" — Trivia Ed).

AUSTRALIAN CRAWL
The Last Wave (Freestyle)

Live albums always remind me of postcards: they're a nice souvenir, buying them is always obligatory, but in the end they're pretty useless. Now Australian Crawl were not a band noted for their amazing live act, and they'd already been captured pretty well on the **Phalanx** set of a few years back. So who's going to want this particular waxing? Sad to say only the die-hard Aussie Crawl fan who still bursts into tears every time they hear **Downhearted,** and those who want to somehow contribute to the James Reyne Retirement Fund so he won't make any more terrible mini-series. Mind you, it manages to fit 14 tracks on one LP, but all that means is the darn thing goes on so long you feel like cheering when the final track, **Louie Louie,** appears. But **Louie Louie** is a better song than Reyne and cohorts ever wrote. More profound, too.

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS
The Singer (Mute)

That unearthly wail! That scream of curses! That angry thump-thump-thump! It can only mean one thing. Yes, my upstairs neighbour is complaining about me playing Nick Cave at high volume. But that's the way Nick Cave albums were meant to be played — or inflicted. **The Singer** is a collection of cover versions done by Nick and cohorts, and it's fascinating. Nick is certainly a . . . uh . . . unique singer, which means that these songs get a going-over that completely transforms them. **By The Time I Get To Phoenix**, for example, loses its country hackness and becomes something much darker simply by Nick singing it. Similarly with Hendrix's **Hey Joe**, the Velvets' **All Tomorrow's Parties**, the Seekers' **The Carnival Is Over**(!) and a whole host of blues songs. The intensity of the playing, the loving care with which the songs have been chosen, and the occasional attempt by Nick to stay in key all mark this as something more than a bizarre joke. Uncomfortable listening at its finest.

PAUL KELLY AND THE COLOURED GIRLS
Gossip (Mushroom)

Seems like folks were always telling me that one day Paul Kelly would come up with one great album, an album that would just blow everybody away with its sheer brilliance. I, remembering back to Mr Kelly's previous recorded work (and decidedly patchy recorded work, at that) used to scoff. But all that was before I heard **Gossip** . . . and friends, I believe!!!

This is one awesomely great album. I'm not going to compare Paul with Bob Dylan the way everybody seems to (although he does share a strange fascination for trains with the Minnesota Mumbler) . . . rather, let me draw another parallel: **Gossip** is the nearest thing we have to an Australian **The River**. Like that classic, it's a double, it touches all bases (from the pop melody of **Before Too Long** to the country waltz of **Somebody's Forgetting Someone** to the cheesy garage band sound of **Darling It Hurts**), and it's so strong that making it a single album would have been fatal to its breadth of vision. Twenty-four tracks of sheer brilliance, all for only a couple more dollars than a single LP — can you afford to pass it up???
I say thee nay!

HUMAN LEAGUE
Crash (Virgin)

Human is definitely one of the singles of the year and the Human League have *always* been great and Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis are undoubtedly the producers of the moment and their work on Janet Jackson's album deserves some sort of medal . . . but, but, but . . . the collaboration between the two just doesn't quite make it. On paper, **Crash** (title pinched from a novel by SF writer J.G. Ballard, fact fans) looked like a stroke of genius, a can't-fail scheme, but the end result is just too much of a compromise: not quite Minneapolis funksterism, not quite League human pop. And there's more songs with "love" in the title than you'll find on anything outside a Paul McCartney LP.

It's not that it's a bad album — it's just not the masterpiece we were all expecting. if I'm having a party I'll definitely throw it on the turntable. I just won't listen to it much when I'm alone.

Frank Lee Shankly

DARYL HALL
Three Hearts In The Happy Ending Machine (RCA)

It seems from the little promo book here (in which is buried the **Three Hearts** . . . cassette, gimmick fans) that Mr Hall has temporarily dumped his stumpy friend in favour of the greener pastures of experimentation in London and Paris. Such "experimentation" seems to be a foregoing of the lush keyboard textures and clap-trap cut-up stuff of recent Hall 'n' Oates material, using "natural" instruments instead, alongside the inevitable "rediscovery of one's psyche" American types are wont to moan on about. Stirring stuff it is, mostly, but hardly breaking new ground, especially in the producers' lap of the dreadful Dave Stewart. Nonetheless, Hall is a dab hand at Big American Pop and this is at least as good as any of his '80s output. A must for those who like to dabble in Daryl . . .

TALKING HEADS
True Stories (EMI)

In which the Heads return once more to the heady simplicity of their first album for a romp to rival the ever-wonderful **Little Creatures**. This time TH have moved into their rightful domain — the world of fruit-cakes and oddballs inhabiting America's dark heartland.

True Stories is a series of pieces accompanying the bizarre scenarios of David Byrne's film of the same name, and the music veers from scrawny Headpop to gospel, Tex-Mex and R'n'B with consummate ease.

Of the many relics of the late '70s, Talking Heads have been among the most resilient, with an uncanny knack for keeping their art fresh. This has been a true review . . .

OMD
Pacific Age (Virgin)

It's been a long time since OMD created minor bedroom masterpieces by tape-looping the cat over a disco beat (or whatever it is these electronic boffins are supposed to get up to). The days of high school angst pronouncements about life, love and death have been usurped by late '20s pronouncements about life, love and death (and high school angst?). OMD have found a warm hidey-hole for themselves in the US charts, where they hold hands with Billy Ocean, Lionel Ritchie, Van Halen, A-ha et al, and put out a non-stop stream of silly doodles. Just like the rest of them . . .

Vic R. Tootoo

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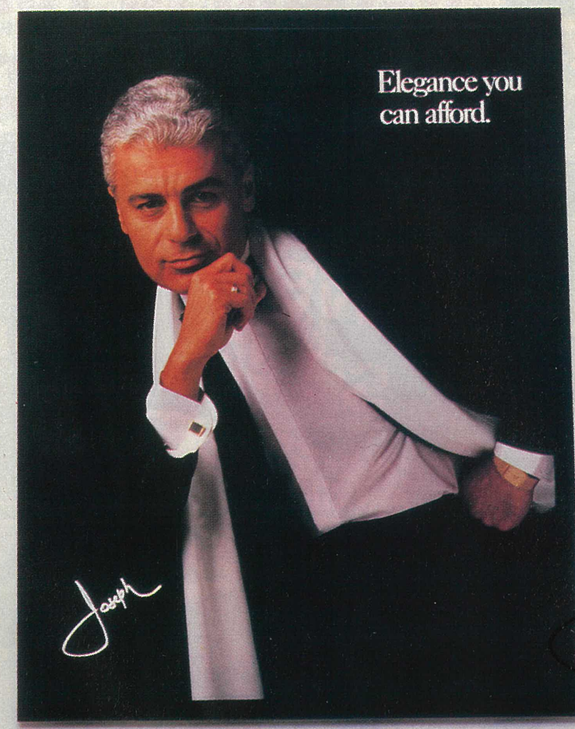

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Reggae time is summertime. This lilting Lovers Rock tune is the perfect backdrop for a hot day at the beach or a cool evening at home. Flip it and you'll find a soulful interpretation of the same song. Yummy.

HUMAN LEAGUE — HUMAN (VIRGIN)

Phil Oakey may be only human, but thank God for the machines that made his voice sound sweeter than ever. Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis wrote and produced this song. Regular readers of this column will know only too well that I'm a sucker for their work. The only thing that mars this almost perfect piece of pop is one of the lassies in the League doing her Sheffield talkover towards the end. She sounds like she's reading out her shopping list at the local corner store!

JANET JACKSON — WHEN I THINK OF YOU (FESTIVAL)

Another tune from the pen of Jam and Lewis, and the best song off **Control**. Chartbound without a doubt, this highly infectious song has been on high rotation for quite a while in my household. Play it loud at breakfast time and start the day with a smile.

THE REELS — BAD MOON RISING (REGULAR)

Listen, look and learn. The Reels may not wear groovy gear (Have you looked at your shirts lately, Andy? — Ed), but it's certainly time Australia recognised the fact that these four guys are among the most talented, sensitive musicians and songwriters in existence ANYWHERE in the world. This time round, they've chosen to radically re-arrange this old Creedence Clearwater Revival chestnut. This they do to great effect. A masterpiece.

PRINCE — ANOTHERLOVERHOLENYOHEAD (WEA)

Indeed. EVERYBODY knows this song, and on extended 12" it's even better. Danceable as anything.

ELVIS COSTELLO — TOKYO STORM WARNING (IMP-Import)

Fortunately words never fail E.C. and he's consistently been one of the most forthright of British lyricists. TSW is **not** a pop song. No, its richness lies in its stunning lyrical content which is set over a relentless rhythm owing much to the Stones' **19th Nervous Breakdown.** Definitely not for the faint of heart.

HELEN TERRY — ACT OF MERCY (VIRGIN)

It would definitely be an act of mercy if I never head this song again. Helen Terry has a unique voice which desperately needs decent songs to sing. Mercy, mercy me, things ain't what they used to be. In the early days of Culture Club she had such songs at her disposal. Perhaps Helen should go round and see George, shake him up a bit, and start all over again.

SIMPLY RED — OPEN UP THE RED BOX (WEA)

In it you will find this funky piece of white soul. Simply Red's repertoire has already stood the test of time, all their songs still seem capable of refreshing the airwaves at any given moment. When are THEY going to tour here?

CUTTING CREW — (I JUST) DIED IN YOUR ARMS (VIRGIN)

. . . listening to this record. Ghastly.

JOHNNY BATCHELOR — WORK AND SAVE (WEA)

Johnny Dropbear is a neat songwriter. **Shall We Go** was THE most ignored single of last year. Personally I don't go for a hard rock sound so I find W.A.S. a disappointment. Them's the breaks.

THE BIG DISH — SLIDE (VIRGIN)

Off the page . . . until next month!

ANDY GLITRE

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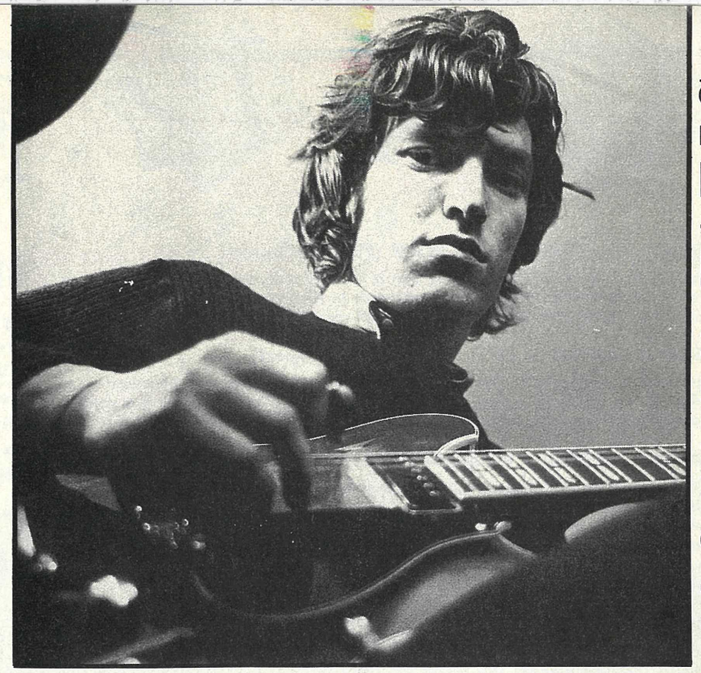
Retro

STEVE WINWOOD



The 1980 **Rolling Stone History of Rock 'n' Roll** described Steve Winwood as "His generation's most prodigiously gifted performer" — then declared that these talents had been irretrievably squandered. "(He) became its most notable burnt-out case, undone by self-indulgence, by a naive faith in amateurism (it was as if he played so many instruments for fear of becoming too skilled on any one), and by self-repetition, the fate of those who rely on nebulous emotion rather than concrete musical ideas".

As its authors could only have heard Winwood's *first* solo album, 1977's **Winwood**, their presumption might be pardoned. After **Arc Of A Diver** (December, 1980), **Talking Back To The Night** (1982), and this year's **Back In The High Life**, one hopes they've since publicly recanted and begun their rehabilitive sentences in some isolated hog farm.

Quite apart from their commercial success, the last three albums ridicule accusations of dilletantism and the 'nebulous emotion'. Any more discipline and these records would salute.

The **Stone** tirade also makes a fundamental mistake about Winwood's vocation. Sure, he played all sorts of guitars and keyboards — but his real instrument was that incredible voice, which has been soaring out of the world's radio since 1965.

A former choirboy, Steve was still at high school and studying classical music at a Birmingham college, when he and elder brother Muff gave up their jazz band to join r'n'b rocker Spencer Davis. His extracurricular activities soon got him booted out of both institutions, but who would care when the boy was writing and singing hits like **I'm a Man, Keep On Running** and especially the electrifying **Gimme Some Lovin'**?

He completely dominated the group — poor old Spencer Davis is only remembered for the start he gave Steve — and was soon looking for fresh fields. At 18 he briefly joined a studio band called Powerhouse which introduced him to one Eric Clapton, then retired for six months to a Berkshire cottage to "get it all together" with another three jam-session acquaintances.

The embryonic Traffic was a strange assortment. Only singer/guitarist Dave Mason came anywhere near Winwood's talent; Jim Capaldi was a competent but hardly inspiring drummer, while the sax and flute work of Chris Wood was a bit of a joke.

Mason, whose bent for melodic pop conflicted with the jazz aspirations of the other three, left straight after the 1967 debut album, **Mr Fantasy**, but returned briefly to help out on the followup, **Traffic**. Some purists regard this as the ultimate Traffic record; it's certainly one of the era's essential albums.

With Mason out the revolving door again, the remaining three members decided to exit as well, and Traffic Mk 1 ended in late 1968 with the **Last Exit** set.

Winwood had been jamming with his old mate Eric Clapton, now officially recognised as God by a generation of guitar freaks. The pair formed Blind Faith with Clapton's Cream colleague Ginger Baker, and Family bass player Rick Grech.

Blind Faith is routinely touted as an overhyped 'failure', presumably because the band broke up in 1969 after one American tour.

This apparent need for company is probably why his solo career got delayed for nearly a decade. In 1970, while preparing a solo album, Winwood called in Capaldi and Wood for some studio input: the result was the incomparable **John Barleycorn Must Die**, and the launching of Traffic Mk II.

Obviously Winwood couldn't perform all his instrumental roles on stage, so when Traffic went back on the road, extra players were called in. By the time Dave Mason dropped back in to record the live **Welcome To The Canteen**, the lineup was seven-strong.

But the extra troops feel away after 1972's **The Low Spark of High Heeled Boys**, and Traffic's future looked uncertain when Winwood made the question academic by succumbing to peritonitis as a result of undiagnosed appendicitis.

Traffic Mk III emerged in 1973, made one double live album and the brooding, thoughtful **When The Eagle Flies** LP, then dissolved forever.

Winwood's shunning of the spotlight in ensuing years is perhaps what led to the conclusion that he was spent as a major talent. It turns out he wasn't sitting in the Gloucestershire farm chewing the cud: apart from the well-publicised 1976 **Go** project with avant garde heavie Stomu Vamash'ta and Karl Schulze, over the rest of the decade he worked on a lot of lower profile projects.

His re-emergence into pop contention with **Winwood** was low key, and the presence of several Traffic-ers in the rhythm section caused it to be seen as a footnote rather than a new chapter. But **Arc Of A Diver** and **Talking Back To The Night** were very much solo, and well tailored for airplay, as a newly confident Winwood began to take advantage of the rapid expansion of synthesiser and recording hardware.

Now, with **Back In The High Life**, Winwood is back playing with some live musicians, and even trusting others with production. The music slots in somewhere alongside Phil Collins and Peter Gabriel's current releases, a sort of trans-Atlantic bop: the abstruse influences of the Traffic years seem to have been totally digested.

But Steve Winwood probably has time to unleash a few surprises, cast about in other directions. Though he's been a star for 21 years, he's just 38.

And all those years of public attention don't seem to weight heavy. If rock has an aristocracy, Winwood is a natural member. Just check the casual *noblesse oblige* of this statement from a recent review: "To tell you frankly, I think that the *later* success comes to you, the more badly behaved people get. If it happens when you're 35, for example, it can have some strange effects. I look around these days at some very obvious people, who shall remain nameless, and their vanity astounds . . ."

Greg Taylor

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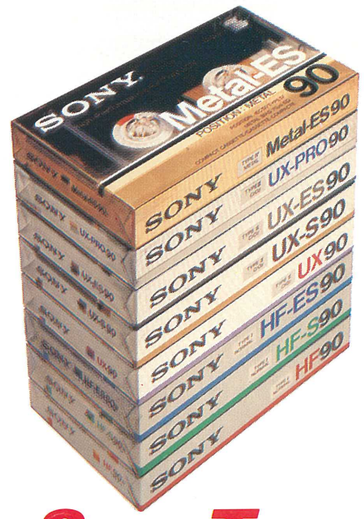

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